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Vick's Magazine

AUGUST 1906



VICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, DANVILLE, NEW YORK

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THE STORY OF KORINIT

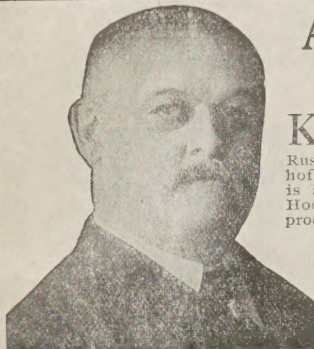
On the First Day of September the Price of Shares in The Kornit Manufacturing Company will advance to Twelve Dollars Per Share

Big Profits Make Big Dividends

The Kornit Manufacturing Company is receiving letters and calls by almost every mail from different manufacturers who wish to buy KORINIT to use in their business. One rubber manufacturer in Newark, where our factory is situated, told Mr. Emanuel, our factory manager, the other day, that he was just as anxious as we were to have the time come when we could sell him all the KORINIT he needed, for it would save him many thousands of dollars every year by using KORINIT instead of hard rubber. I feel assured that we will have a market for KORINIT just as fast as we can produce it. This is the reason the price of the shares will be advanced on Sept. 1st, from \$10 to \$12 each. What I consider one of the best opportunities to make an investment, which will pay enormous dividends, that will ever be yours.

A FINANCIAL OPPORTUNITY

By President CHARLES E. ELLIS



President Charles E. Ellis

KORINIT was invented by Johann Gustav Bierich, a subject of the Czar of Russia, residing at Menkenhof, near Livenhof, Russia, and is a Homogeneous Horn or Hoof substance. Kornit is produced by grinding horn and hoof shavings and waste into a palpable powder and then pressing under heavy hydraulic pressure with heat into a homogeneous slab. This slab produces a substance which can be sawed or turned the same as ordinary wood. It is of a beautiful black consistency and is extremely valuable as a non-conductor for electrical supplies. It is a matter of record that the electrical industry in this country at this time does not have a satisfactory material for heavy or high insulating purposes. A slab of Kornit one inch thick was tested in Trenton, New Jersey, by the Imperial Porcelain Works and was found to have resisted 96,000 Volts of Electricity. It may be interesting to note here that the heaviest voltage which is transmitted in this country is between Niagara, Buffalo and Lockport, New York. The voltage transmitted by this company is between 40,000 and 50,000 volts. Kornit is equally as good as a non-conductor for electrical purposes and supplies as is hard rubber.

The average price of hard vulcanized rubber for electrical purposes is to-day considerably over one dollar per pound—at the present writing something like \$1.25 per pound.

Kornit can be sold at twenty-five cents per pound and an enormous profit can be made at this price, so that it can easily be seen that where Kornit is equally as good and as a matter of fact, in many instances, a better non-conductor than hard rubber, it can compete in every case where it can be used with great success on account of its price. For electrical panel boards, switchboards, fuse boxes, cut-outs, etc., there are other materials used, such as vulcanized paper fibre, slate, marble, etc. A piece of vulcanized paper fibre, 8x4x1 inch, in lots of 1,000, brings 20 cents per piece. A piece of Kornit of the same dimensions could be sold with the enormous profit of over 100 Per Cent, at 25 cents. The absorptive qualities of Kornit render it such that it is far preferable to that of vulcanized fibre. It will not maintain a flame. Of all the materials which are now in the electrical market for supplies and insulators there is, as we have stated above, none that are satisfactory. Kornit will fill this place. Its tensile strength per square inch averages from 1,358 pounds to 1,811 pounds, which the reader can readily see, is more than satisfactory. This test was made by a well known electrical engineer, who is now acting in that capacity for the United States Government with a Standard and Ritchie Bros. testing machine.



MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH
The Inventor of Kornit, in his Summer Garden, at Menkenhof, Russia.

Waste horn and whole hoofs are being sold by the ton to-day principally only for fertilizing purposes. There is one town alone, Leominster, Mass., where they have an average of eight tons of horn shaving every day. These waste horn shavings are now only being sold for fertilizing material. These eight tons of horn shavings manufactured into Kornit and sold for electrical purposes would easily bring \$3,000. At this price it would be selling for less than one-fifth of what hard rubber would cost, and about one-half what other competitive materials would sell for even though they would not be as satisfactory as Kornit.

Kornit has been in use in Russia about four years. In Riga, Russia, which is the largest seaport town of Western Russia, the Electrical Unions there are using Kornit with the greatest satisfaction, finding it preferable to any other insulating material.

The expense of manufacturing Kornit from the horn shavings is not large, as the patentee, Mr. Bierich, has invented an economical and satisfactory process which produces an article that, in the near future, will be used in the construction of almost every building in this country.

Besides electrical insulators, Kornit can be used for the manufacturing of furniture, buttons, door handles, umbrella, cane, knife and fork handles, brush and sword handles, revolver handles, mirror backs, picture frames, toilet accessories, such as fancy glove boxes, jewel cases, glove stretchers, shoe lifts, etc.; office utensils, such as paper knife and pen holders, ink stands, pen racks, medical instruments, such as syringes, ear trumpets, etc., etc., pieces for games, such as draughts, chessmen, dominoes, checkers, counters, chips, cribbage boards, etc.; telephone ear pieces, stands, etc.; piano keys, typewriter keys, adding machine and cash register keys, tea trays, ash trays, scoops, mustard and other spoons, salad sets, cigar and cigarette cases, cigar and cigarette holders, match boxes, and hundreds of other useful and ornamental articles, all at a large and remunerative profit.

The Great Demand for Kornit in this Country

There is one manufacturer alone here in New York that uses 60,000 square feet of insulating material for panel boards every year. He is now using slate and marble, but it is NOT SATISFACTORY, for the reason that in boring and transportation it breaks so easily. Kornit will answer the purpose of Manufacturing Panel Boards

Very Much More Satisfactorily. On 60,000 square feet of Kornit there would be a net profit over \$30,000, or so cents for every square foot used. This one example is cited to show you The Enormous Profits which can be made. There are a great many other panel and switchboard manufacturers in this country. You may be interested to know that a panel board is a small switchboard. There is one or more on every floor of all large buildings where electricity is used. They each have a number of switches mounted on them, so that those in charge can turn certain lights on or off, and by these panel boards all the electrical power in the building is controlled. They must be of a reliable non-conducting material. Kornit can be used for this purpose almost exclusively. The largest electrical manufacturing concerns in Riga, Russia, are using Kornit only for this purpose, after having tried all other so-called non-conducting compositions. The electrical trades alone can account for a great many tons of Kornit every day in the year. It only takes a few tons of Kornit manufactured and sold every working day in the year it will enable the Kornit Manufacturing Company to pay 16 Per Cent Dividends Every Year. Of course, if four tons a day are sold the dividends would be 32 per cent per year. This is Not Improbable. An Expert Electrical Engineer who holds one of the most responsible positions here in New York City made the statement, after thoroughly examining and testing Kornit for electrical purposes, that in his most conservative estimation there can be ten tons of manufactured Kornit sold every working day in the first year. This would mean that the Kornit Manufacturing Company would pay a dividend out of its earnings the first year of over seventy-five per cent (75%). This is probably more than will be paid the first year, but there certainly seems to be a good prospect of paying a large dividend the first year.

There will be such an enormous demand for Kornit from now on that from year to year the dividends earned will become larger and larger. This is the best opportunity to make an investment that you have ever had. It is a well known fact that the most legitimate and profitable way to make money is by manufacturing some product that is "Necessary" and one that can be fully controlled so that nobody else can manufacture the same article. Look at sugar (which is protected by a high tariff), at Standard Oil, the Telephone, the Telegraph, and we might go on and enumerate many more monopolies. They are the big money makers of to-day. Kornit cannot be manufactured by anybody in this country except ourselves or our agents. We own all the patents issued by the United States Government to the inventor, Mr. Johann Gustav Bierich, in Russia. These patents have been bought from Mr. Bierich and are duly transferred to the Kornit Manufacturing Company, and the same is duly recorded in the patent office of the United States.

We Have a Fine Factory Complete in Every Detail

WE have a fine factory in Newark, N. J., (Belleville Station), in a most excellent location, handy to the cars and also to

If you will carefully cast over in your mind and pick out twenty of the wealthiest people you personally know you will find in each case that it is a fact that years ago each one of these persons, or their ancestors, learned how to make a little money do a whole lot of work, and that now they and their children reap the benefit in a golden harvest.

You can do the same. Only you must make a beginning. Here is a Financial Opportunity. Take advantage of it now—not to-morrow, but right now, to-day. You are making money. Why not invest a little and later on reap the benefit? It is the wise thing to do, and the wise and thoughtful people who are doing it are the ones that live in ease.

the shipping. Our factory is entirely completed and we are manufacturing perfect Kornit Slabs.

This is one of the important epochs in my life, and, I firmly believe, in the history of the manufacturing business in this country.

Mr. Kurt Bierich, the son of the inventor, who is a graduate of Freiburg University, Germany, arrived here from Russia on the 12th of May, to take full charge of the scientific conducting of our factory. Mr. Kurt Bierich spent two years in his father's factory at Menkenhof, Russia, and six months at the workshops in Riga, Russia, mastering every minute detail of the manufacturing and working departments. Mr. Bierich, Jr. has been employed for six months recently in superintending the erection of a Kornit factory for the English company at Stoke Newington, N., London, which he brought to completion in the most satisfactory manner. Mr. Bierich, Jr., will have full charge of the Kornit factory in this country. Kornit will quickly become a well known and universally used article in the electrical and other trades of this country earning and paying large and satisfactory dividends each and every six months. A few shares obtained now may be the foundation for a fortune or the much desired income for support in the unknown years that are to come. We leave it to you if it would not seem good judgment to take immediate advantage of this opportunity. Anyway, please write me at once and let me know just what you will do. If it is not possible for you to take shares now, write and tell me how many you would like and how soon it will be convenient for you to do so, provided I will reserve them for you. As soon as I receive your letter I will answer it with a person-



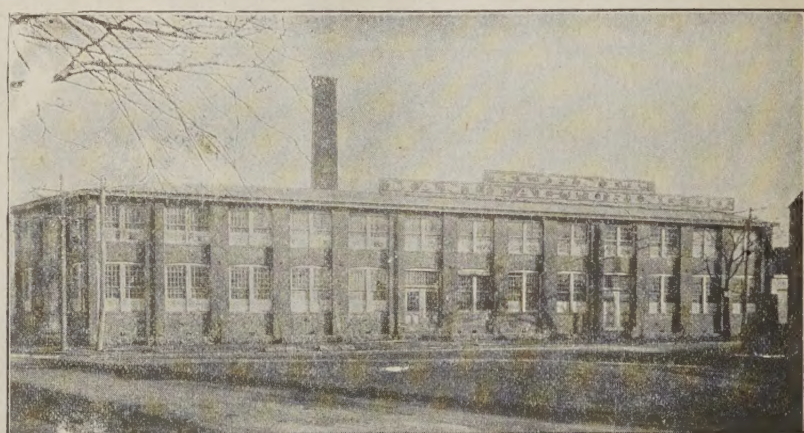
Mr. Kurt Bierich, the Son of the Inventor of Kornit, who Arrived here Direct from Russia May 12 to Devote his Entire Time at the Kornit Factory at Newark, (Belleville Station), N. J.

al letter and will arrange matters as you wish to the best of my ability. Remember, I have a great many thousand dollars invested in the Kornit Manufacturing Company, and the minute you buy a share or more in this Company we become Co-partners as Co-shareholders. It is for our mutual benefit to watch and guard each other's interests. I will be grateful if you will write me to-day, so that I may know just what you will do.

I know you will agree with me that you have never had presented to your notice a better opportunity to make an investment where such large profits can be made because of the exclusiveness of control, and the great demand and the low cost of raw material, which is now almost practically thrown away. Join me in this investment, and I assure you it is my sincere belief that in the future you will say: "That is the day I made the most successful move in my whole life."

My Offer to You To-day

The Kornit Manufacturing Company is incorporated under the laws of New Jersey and is capitalized with \$50,000 fully paid non-assessable shares at \$10 each. Ten dollars will buy one share. Twenty dollars will buy two shares. Fifty dollars will buy five shares. One hundred dollars will buy ten shares. One thousand dollars one hundred shares, and so on. After September 1st the price will advance to twelve dollars (\$12) per share. After you have bought one or more shares in The Kornit Manufacturing Company you may feel as I do, that you have placed your savings where they will draw regular and satisfactory large dividends.



KORINIT FACTORY, NEWARK, N. J. (BELLEVILLE STATION)

The price of Kornit shares will advance twelve dollars per share September 1st, 1906.

I should not be a bit surprised if these shares paid dividends as high as one hundred per cent in the not far distant future. Consequently, a few dollars invested now in the shares of the Kornit Manufacturing Company will enable you in the future to draw a regular income from the large profits of the Company as they are earned. The DIVIDENDS will be paid semi-annually, every six months, the first of May and November of each year. This is one of the best opportunities you will ever have presented to you in your whole life-time. I have invested a great many thousand dollars in the Kornit Manufacturing Company, and I feel sure it is one of the best investments I have ever made. I can truthfully say to you that I fully believe that you will be more than pleased with your investment and that you will never be sorry. REMEMBER, that you here have an opportunity to become interested in a large industrial manufacturing concern manufacturing a product, with an exclusive monopoly, which has never before been manufactured or sold in this country.

Remember, that it is by no means an experiment, as it has been successfully manufactured and sold for over four years in Russia at a large profit, and the manufacturer and inventor recently wrote that the demand is increasing every day, beyond the capacity of their manufacturing facilities.

Now is the time for you to take advantage of this magnificent opportunity to make an investment in these shares. I earnestly believe that in a few years these shares will be worth from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars each on account of the large dividends which the company will earn and regularly pay each and every six months. It is a well known fact that shares that pay fifty (50) to one hundred (100) per cent dividends will readily sell in the open market for \$50 to \$100. The outlook for the Kornit Manufacturing Company is such that it seems impossible for the earnings to fall far short of these figures. If the company only makes and sells two tons of Kornit a day for the first year, and made a profit of only two hundred dollars per ton, it would mean a profit of over sixteen per cent (16%) the first year. If this business were doubled the second year, of course the earning capacity would double and the dividends would be over thirty-two per cent (32%). Prominent and well known Electrical Engineers assure me that this product cannot help and is bound to make enormous profits. I would recommend that you send for as many shares as you may wish at once. You, in my conservative opinion, can safely count on the large earning capacity of these shares. I will at once write you a personal letter with full information, and send you our illustrated book, "A Financial Opportunity," containing a score of photographs of the Kornit industry, taken in Russia. Please let me hear from you before the shares advance.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES E. ELLIS,

President

707A Temple Court, New York City, N. Y.

[Mr. Ellis, besides being president of this company, is also president of two other large and successful companies, owning shares therein valued conservatively at over \$50,000.00. Mr. Ellis has other investments in New York City real estate, bonds, stocks and mortgages to the amount of many more hundreds of thousands of dollars. Any bank or mercantile agency will tell you his guarantee is as good as gold. This is a successful man who wishes you for a Co-partner as a Shareholder and Dividend Receiver in this Company. Remember, you will do business personally with Mr. Ellis in this matter.—Publisher of Vick's Magazine.]



VICK'S MAGAZINE



AUGUST, 1906

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Old Gaspar, the Gardener

By Mrs. Edith M. Fraker



"H, YES, God is good," said old Gaspar, as he set down his barrow and straightened his back as much as he could. "I and the little one have all we need, and there is something laid by. Yes, yes, God is good to me."

There was a time—to be sure few knew aught of it, for nearly eighty winters had silvered Gaspar's hair that silvery white—yet there had been a time when he was neither poor nor crippled. In those days a great house on the hill above what was then a village was the possession of the last heir of the family of St. Ore. Gaspar's hair was black and his figure tall and straight in the days when he had laughed and danced with the merriest and wealth had smiled her gilded smile on the handsome Gaspar St. Ore.

No wonder few remembered those days, for they had almost passed from Gaspar. Only one memory from them he cherished still. It had been in that spring-time of his life that he had wedded the beautiful Mary Ray; one morning when the bells had rung and the earth seemed blossoming for her sake, she had walked with him from the old church, the happiest, most lovely bride who was ever led from its altar.

A few years filled with happiness sped by them with only one shadow: Mary, who had always been delicate, grew more frail, and he felt her slipping from him. Then one day, without forewarning, the wealth which had seemed to him as natural as the air he breathed, like a breath was wafted away.

It was then Gaspar showed the manner of man he was. He did not grieve for his lost fortune; he did not rail at fate; he did not despair. His one thought was to save Mary from any consequences of their loss and he devoted his energy to the accomplishment of that end. He saved enough to purchase a tiny cottage and furnish it both comfortably and tastefully. He also retained the one maid so necessary for Mary's comfort; for she was now quite an invalid.

After the little home was secured, something must be done to provide for it. But what could he do? He knew nothing of any trade or profession. All he had studied had been for pleasure without a thought of utility; besides he was proud; yet Mary must be cared for.

In his prosperous days he had amused himself with painting, and his pictures had been much admired, so he turned to his brush as the most tasteful as well as most hopeful of his accomplishments. Alas, to admire the productions of a wealthy and popular man is one thing, and to buy those of a poor and unknown artist quite another. A few of his paintings were bought for friendship's sake; a few others for their real worth, but the return was pitifully small.

He tried giving lessons, but was less successful as an instructor than as an artist. It was not possible to keep the wolf away by this means.

At length, he secured a position at copying and envelope addressing for a mercantile firm. Gradually he was given more work and increased salary. He, also, continued to paint at odd minutes, and was thus able to provide not only the essential comforts, but some of the delicacies which he knew Mary craved.

During those days, a daughter came to their home and for a time Mary's health improved. Then it was that Gaspar first learned that God is good. They were comfortable and happy; there was a small sum laid by against a time of need, and above all, this unfolding life to cherish.

All things continued to go well until one day there was an accident and Gaspar was carried home a limp, unconscious figure. He lay ill from his injuries a long time and his right hand and shoulder were crippled. The reed on which he had leaned was broken, but he rose undaunted; Mary was still to be shielded from want.

His old employer again gave him work, whatever he could do. Though the pay was small, he made it cover their needs, until the firm sold to a new company. The new proprietor could see no reason for employing a useless man, and Gaspar was dismissed.

Perhaps it was his love for the beautiful which led him into the way of earning a livelihood. He had

always kept a garden of flowers on the little plot of ground before their door, tending them with care. He had grown them for Mary's sake, though they were also a pleasure to him. Now he found he could sell all that he could produce. That was, however, no large quantity. He therefore found gardening to do for others, being so successful that he was soon busy and well paid.

Still the profit from his work was not sufficient and the one servant had to be let go. Nevertheless, Mary was not permitted to suffer, though it laid an extra care upon Gaspar. With the aid of the daughter, now a strong, helpful girl, he was able to care for her tenderly. Mary sometimes said she was glad; for she thus had him with her so much more.

A little while and Mary, who had stayed so long, faded quietly away and was carried to the little graveyard on the hill, where many generations of St. Ores lay at rest. She had been brave, also; never repining

nor complaining, seldom speaking of the pain which racked her body. Ever cheerful and loving, she had counted all lost things small compared with the great patient love of this man.

In a few years more, the daughter had grown to be a tall, beautiful maiden. She was a delight to Gaspar, whose fond eyes never wearied of watching her as she moved about the tasks in their home. She was as beautiful as he had wished her to be, yet very different from the delicate loveliness of his bride.

They had taught their child little of the world; for they had never suspected the world would note their nestling in their hidden bower. While Gaspar was away, busy with his daily toil, the deceiver found opportunity to enter his unguarded nest. With reasons which seemed true to her, he persuaded her to keep all knowledge of him from her father; and with promises of the happiness which he would bring to her work-weary parent, he led her into a secret marriage, and carried her away for a day in the city, from which he never brought her back.

When she learned the perfidy of the man she had married, she endeavored to hide from any who might know her or carry word to the little deserted home.

In the desolate home which had known so much of happiness, old Gaspar sat and would not be comforted. This blow had broken his spirit, and life itself seemed ebbing away, when one day word came that lone, suffering, in want, his child was found.

He sought her out and brought her home, where, with loving tenderness he cared for her until they carried her to a grave beside the other, and old Gaspar was left with a babe in his arms.

Forth to his work he went again. A neighbor cared for the child until she was large enough to take with him in a basket, which he fastened on his barrow. In it she slept or played or watched him work and thrived splendidly. There was no taint of the traitor on her and because he was hungry for the sound of the name, he called her Mary.

Now the child was twelve years old and brightened his little home. She was indeed a second Mary, and he said, "Ah, yes, God is good." But the town which had slowly grown from the village of his boyhood, had in the last few years rapidly become a city. Almost all who knew Gaspar were gone; he was getting feeble, and it was ever more difficult to secure work. Besides, this little Mary had a taste for painting, which he tried to gratify. This called for added expense, so that he had to do the more distasteful work of cleaning away rubbish and garbage.

One day, when Mary was nearly fifteen years old, Gaspar did not go out with his barrow. He told her he was tired and would rest a while. He knew the end was coming, but was determined not to spend the small amount he had saved for "the little one." What is the use of medicine or physicians when the machinery of life has at last worn out?

During those days, the girlhood friend of Mary Ray returned to make her home at the scene of her childhood. Her life had fallen on pleasant places. Her children were grown and at work in the world.

She asked often of Gaspar St. Ore, but none could tell her of him till at length some one remembered there was a gardener whom people called "Old Gaspar," and of whom a tradition said he had been wealthy at one time—perhaps it was he.

She found Gaspar lying pale and weak on his couch. Gently she led him to tell her of his life and of Mary. When he was done she said:

"Has God been good through all this, Gaspar, and is all well now?"

"Ah, yes; God is ever good," smilingly he answered. "He let me keep my Mary so many years. He brought my child back to my arms when I thought I had lost her forever. He gave me this other Mary to comfort my old age. I would I might know what is to become of her when I am gone, but God is good, I will trust Him."

"My home is very empty and she is like Mary also, to me, Gaspar. Will you trust her to me, when you are gone?"

"God is good," said old Gaspar, and sank back on his pillow. His soul was with his God.



MIDSUMMER

By Frank H. Rossiter

The hills are veiled in a purple haze,—
The royal robes that Summer wears,
When to the sultry August days
The o'er-blown rose her bosom bares.

The flowers that bloom in the garden—all
Faint or doze in the shimmering heat;
But—first of his race—the Goldenrod tall,
Smiles and nods by the dusty street.

The honey-bee swings in the Hollyhock bells,
The wandering wind blows low,
And, whispering softly, murmuring tells
Of the Jasmine's fragrant snow.

Let us, soothed by his murmuring sigh,
Watch the gliding cloud shadows creep
Over the hills that dreaming lie,
And over the woodlands sweep.

Until, fanned by the dying breeze,
As we lie in the shadows deep;
We idly list to the whispering trees
And are lulled by their music to sleep.

North Guilford, Conn.

The Planning of Pinkie

By Valentine March

PLEASE, Daddy, I want a drink of water," called the little boy from his cot by the window. His voice was too thin and wabbly to carry itself as far as the kitchen, where a man was getting breakfast. Then, too, the rattling chorus of skillets and stove lids taking their morning exercise under Jerry Moffatt's direction, made it a difficult matter for a feeble voice to be heard above the din. Presently, though, there was a lull in the chorus, and Pinkie, taking advantage of it, mustered what strength he could, and called again:

"Daddy, I want a drink out of my 'Love the Giver' cup, cause I'm awful hot."

"All right, Pinkie," answered a small nervous man rushing into the room, his face rosy as Aurora's at early dawn.

"Now, where in the *dickens* did we put that chiney cup?" he asked, looking helplessly around the room.

"Oh, Dad, that's mighty near swear," said the little boy reproachfully.

"So it is, Pinkie," admitted Jerry humbly, and I won't say it any more, but where—O, now I recollect," and hurrying into the next room he fished from out a drift of collars, neckties, handkerchiefs and other domestic flotsam, the desired cup, with its purple roses corraling a motto done in gold, to wit: Love the Giver.

"Here she is," called Jerry flying out to the kitchen to fill it, and hastening back to hold it to the boy's hot lips.

"You aint going to be sick, now, are you, sonny?" and he looked wistfully at the little fellow as he drank from the "chiney" cup, an awful fear clutching at his heart, for Pinkie was his all in all. "O, I'm all right, Daddy," returned Pinkie, smiling as bravely as he could, "if I didn't just feel like there was a big cook stove inside of me."

"You'll get rid of that old cook stove, when you eat the oatmeal I'm cooking for you," and all the cheerfulness at Jerry's command went into his voice, but his face wore a troubled look as he went to the kitchen and brought in a bowl of porridge and a cup of milk.

"I'm powerful sorry" he said, when Pinkie had eaten all he could, "but I'll have to go to the factory today. You see, I just got this job, and it's a good one, Pinkie, and pays more money than the one down to Pikeville. I think you'll be better when I come back at noon, and you just keep quiet and go to sleep. Anything you'd like to have from the grocery store or any place?"

"Nothin," said Pinkie thoughtfully, "cept some peanuts, and oranges and bologny sausage, if they don't cost too much."

"All right, sonny; you shall have whatever I can get you," said Jerry, as he leaned over and kissed the little boy's cheek. Still he hovered about until the clock warned him that it was time to leave, and as he reached the door he called back: "All right, Pinkie, peanuts, oranges and bologny, and I'll be back as soon as I can get here."

Left alone, Pinkie began to inspect his surroundings. Everything was new and strange to him and in more or less confusion, as they had reached Wheeltown but a few days before, having come from Pikeville where Mr. Moffatt worked in the carriage factory until it shut down. Being a skilled trimmer, he had no trouble in securing employment in the new works in Wheeltown. Here a small cottage had been rented, and the little family were going to housekeeping when Pinkie was taken sick.

A sense of loneliness came over the little boy; the things about him did not interest him, for the cook stove began operations and he was tired and weak. Presently a tear ran down his cheek, then another followed, and another, until they gave each other a merry chase and formed a tiny salt lake on his pillow, while he sobbed softly to himself. Suddenly, there came a knock at the door and the tears ceased.

"Come in, please," called Pinkie faintly, "I'm all by myself; Daddy's gone to work."

The door opened and a pleasant-faced woman in a blue calico dress, white apron and sunbonnet, stood smiling down at him.

ing away the tears and holding out his hand to her.

"Hannah Noble, dear," she answered, "but the people here call me just Hannah, and you can, too, if you want to."

"I'm awful tired, Hannah," explained the boy, with a sigh, "and I can't get good and rested."

"Bless your heart!" said the motherly looking woman, "of course you can't, here all alone. Just drink some of this beef tea I brought you," and putting her arms around him she lifted him from the cot, and sitting down in the nearest rocking chair, began singing:

"Hush my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

"That's a very nice song," commented the listener, "please'm do it over again."

"I used to sing it to a little boy like you, when I rocked him to sleep," said Hannah softly.

"Did his legs get so long you couldn't rock him any more?" queried the child.

"No, dear," she answered tenderly, "he went up to heaven to live."

"I'd like to go to heaven, too," said Pinkie, "if Daddy could go along, but he's got to work—he's a trimmer." Then the effect of the beef tea, the protecting arms around him, and the sense of comfort and love, made him think he had found an earthly haven of rest that would answer very well, for the present, at least, and he soon fell asleep on Hannah's breast.



"Good Morning, Ma'am," he stammered

When he awoke she was gone, and presently Mr. Moffatt came galloping in, hot and lobster-hued from walking at such a rapid pace, in his eagerness to reach Pinkie's side.

"Did you see her, Daddy?" the little boy asked excitedly; "she's fine, Hannah is. She singed me to sleep, and she's coming to see me tomorrow again."

"He's got more fever," said Jerry, shaking his head sorrowfully, as he went to get him some dinner. "I'll get the doctor right away."

Hannah came the next day, however, and the next, and each morning the child looked forward to her visits. At last, her homely remedies and skill in nursing had her small patient started on the highway to health, and Jerry, hearing so often about "Hannah's stories," "Hannah's awful good soups" and her innumerable virtues, was forced to the conclusion that she was not a mere vagary of the boy's brain, but some kindly old woman who had taken an interest in his boy, and to whom he was deeply grateful, and at the first opportunity would make her some substantial return for her care.

"Has your old woman been to see you today, Pinkie?" his father asked one evening on his return from the factory, and was quite surprised to hear his son's indignant and emphatic reply:

"Hannah aint an old woman, Daddy; she's beautiful. Her cheeks is red, and her hair is nice and crinkly, and she's all nice—she aint a bit old." Whether or not this report was true, Jerry had an opportunity of judging for himself the very next day for Mrs. Noble, who had stayed a little longer than her usual time to finish a story she was reading to Pinkie, was just putting on her white sunbonnet, ready to leave, when Jerry came in.

"Good morning, ma'am," he stammered, completely

overcome by the transformation of his "old woman" into the comely figure before him, and being a very modest man, he was at a loss to know how to proceed.

"I heard your little boy was sick," the woman explained, "and I thought maybe I could do something for him. We help each other down here when we get sick," and, she added, "I had a little boy once of my own."

"And he went to heaven," said Pinkie, "Hannah told me so, and his daddy went with him."

"I'm sorry for you, ma'am," began Jerry, very much at a loss how to continue, but weighed down by a great sense of obligation. "You've been so kind to Pinkie, I don't know how to thank you. You did him more good than all the doctor's medicine."

"I am very glad indeed if I have been of any help to him," she returned, "and if I can do anything for him again I will be glad to do it."

Then tying on her bonnet and smiling on Pinkie, she bid them good morning and went her way. With her seemed to go all the sunshine, and all that was needed to make the place homelike and bright.

One evening several weeks after Hannah's last visit, Pinkie and his father were sitting together in the little garden, when the boy said suddenly, as if an inspiration had just come to his youthful mind:

"Daddy, let's us get married."

"What—what's that?" questioned Jerry, wondering if he really heard aright.

"Let's us get married," the boy went on earnestly, "me and Hannah and you, then it won't be so lonesome."

"Why, bless my soul, Pinkie," exclaimed his father, "whatever did make you think of that?" Still Mr. Moffatt looked by no means displeased at this inspiration of his son; possibly because his own mind had been traveling long the same direction, not at a snail's pace, either, but at a rapid gait.

"I asked her would she," went on the little boy, "and—"

"And what did she say?" inquired his listener eagerly.

"She said I was getting so well, she didn't have to come and see me never any more, and—now —" he sobbed, "she's went away and she won't ever come back, and I'm so lonesome, Daddy aint you?"

There was no sacrifice Jerry Moffatt would not make for his only child, and this appeal went straight to his heart, besides, it was a most willing sacrifice on Jerry's part; so that night when Pinkie was fast asleep he made his way to Hannah Noble's cottage. He remained there some little time, and when he returned home his face was beaming with happiness. Leaning over the cot

to see if Pinkie was still asleep he met his eyes fixed lovingly on him.

"I dreamed we all got married Daddy, did we?" he asked.

"Well, not yet a while, sonny," answered his father, radiant with joy, and taking the boy's hand in his, "not yet, but we're going to be, some of these days."

"All right," came in sleepy tones from the cot, "me and Hannah and you."

Wander-Thirst

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be;

It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say
goodby;
For the seas call and the stars call, and, oh! the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the Sun for friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and, oh! the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and thereby night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;

And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky!

The Spectator

A Tangled Web

By K. S. Macquoid

PATTY DROPS OUT OF ASHTON AND APPARENTLY OUT OF THE STORY, WHILE WHITMORE, RETURNING THERE, DISCOVERS THAT THE PLACE IS NOT ENTIRELY A DESERT, EVEN WITHOUT HER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The scenes of the story have been laid largely in Ashton, a small English village. Mr. Beaufort is the village Rector, and Nuna is his daughter. Will Bright, the well-to-do owner of Gray's Farm, was in love with Nuna, and had been since both were children. Paul Whitmore, a London artist, came to the village to rest and to sketch. He met Patty Westropp, a handsome rustic lass, the beauty of the village, daughter of Roger Westropp, farmer and gardener, miserly in his habits. Paul was infatuated with Patty's beauty and she had been flattered by his attentions, and was even more infatuated with him. Mr. Whitmore had also been received at the Rectory, and Bright fancied he was being favored by Nuna. Under this spur Bright had asked Nuna to marry him, and she though professing highest friendship for him had said she did not love him. Roger's brother died in Australia, leaving his fortune to Patty. Miss Coppock, a milliner, in whose service Patty had once been, was at the Rectory, and was one of the first to hear of this. She called upon Patty and learning of her affair with Whitmore, succeeded in turning her against him by the argument that now he would probably be after her for her wealth, and that she had best go out into the world before choosing a husband. Whitmore not knowing Patty's change of fortune, after debating with himself and practically deciding to bid her good-bye and go back to London, was overcome by his feelings for her, declared his love and urged her to marry him. Patty, though she found it hard to do so, acting under the influence of Miss Coppock rejected him. Whitmore returned to London and the Westropp left Ashton, going to London, where Patty insisted on taking a different name. Whitmore was again in Ashton, having accompanied his friend Stephen Pritchard, who had come down to make a Christmas visit with his cousin Will Bright. All three had been present at a dinner at the Rectory, where Whitmore had been much attracted towards Nuna.

CHAPTER XX

IN HASTE

THE NEXT morning Mr. Whitmore walked over to the Rectory. He had promised to ride over to Gray's Farm, and Mr. Beaufort had offered to lend him his horse. "Too early to call on a lady, I suppose," He wanted to see Nuna Beaufort again alone, out of Will's presence; he felt a singular curiosity to know whether she really loved the young farmer, or whether she was only going to marry him because she cared for no one else.

"It won't be a safe marriage if that's the case," he said. "She may not have loved yet, but a woman can't have that power of expression in her eyes and not have the power of loving along with it. It's impossible she can love that carcass of a farmer, poor little thing."

The Rectory gate opened when he tried it, and he went in. He looked about for a servant to announce him in the entrance hall, but no one was in sight. In truth, cook and Jane were both far too deeply engaged in the china closet to heed even the bell. But there was no bell to be seen, and Paul looked out of the window across the lawn.

Just there, under those grand leafless plane-trees, they had sat and drunk tea out of the Vienna tea-cups; and then, as if it were held up to him in a picture, the whole scene came distinctly back to Paul, and he seemed to hear Nuna's enthusiastic praise of Patty's beauty. A hot flush rose in his face; thought went on, spite of his repugnance, and recalled other words that had been spoken by Patty,—slighting contemptuous words, of the girl who had been so generous towards herself.

Patty! the thought of her opened the door to the memory he had been battling with for weeks. Pritchard had told him of the nine days' wonder of Ashton in the total disappearance of the Westropp, father and daughter, but Paul had listened in silence. He tried to think of Patty calmly; to see her as he might have seen her if his eyes had not been blinded by passion—and his reason decided against her. She had treated him shamefully.

"She never loved me," he said to himself; "she was heartless from the beginning, or this money would not have changed her. Real love in a woman is not conquered so quickly. Her love, if it had been genuine, would have made her understand me."

And then he thought again of Nuna Beaufort, and confessed that she was worth a hundred Pattys. But the confession was too calm and reasonable, there was no ardor in it; a dread lurked behind—a dread which he turned from resolutely,—would not Patty, once more sweet and loving, be as dangerous to his peace as ever? The only safety lay in throwing aside her memory.

He heard some one coming, and he hoped it was Nuna. She came slowly into the hall, her head bent, her hat in her hand, her whole attitude full of dejection.

Paul stood a minute yet in the recess of the window, admiring her graceful shape; her soft grey gown fell in broad folds, and her rich hair coiled round her well-set head in thick glossy braids. She moved on towards the outer door.

"I beg your pardon," said Paul, coming forward; "I know I ought not to call so early, but Mr. Beaufort kindly offered to lend me his horse. Can I see him, do you think?"

"Yes—no," Nuna's voice sounded thick, and she was so confused that she stammered. She was really in the midst of a hearty fit of crying, only Paul did not detect it at first. "Will you mind waiting a little?" she said more steadily. "Will you come in and sit down? Papa is writing, and I know he must not be disturbed."

She turned away abruptly and opened the drawing-room door, but Paul had had time to see that she was in trouble. Till now Nuna had been to him more like a picture than a woman; but that wonderful tenderness for weak oppressed creatures, which seems the most godlike attribute of mankind, in a moment bridged over the distance there had been between them; the utter dejection of the girl's aspect gave the human link that had been wanting to her. Mr. Whitmore felt on a sudden wiser, older, moved out of his

usual outside calm, to protect and comfort this grief-stricken maiden.

"Will you sit down here, please? Papa won't be long, I know; but he can't see you just now."

There came a little sob into her voice, and she moved hastily towards the door.

Paul could not let her go. Had that old curmudgeon of a father been making her cry? "I wish you would let me look at the song you sang last night," he said.

She went back to the other end of the room, and began to turn over her music; her hands felt hot and cold at once, she did not know what she was doing. Ever since they parted in the verandah she had only thought of Paul—thought of him all through her long wakeful night, till she had felt as if she could never meet him again for fear of betraying her delight in his presence. And then when morning broke, with its cold uncontrovertible reality, to tell her that one or two sweet visions that had come in short snatches of repose from the long open-eyed night, were as false as mirage, Nuna rose up from her bed in actual terror of herself and her own overpowering feelings.

"It is not love," she said; "I could not be so unwomanly as to love a man who has not sought me, and Mr. Whitmore has only shown me common courtesy. It is because I live so shut up; I see so few people that every fresh face sends me off my balance with excitement; in a day or two, when he has gone away from Ashton, I shall be all right again."

Gone away from Ashton! Nuna felt as if she were going mad this morning. How was she to live on this same quiet, unchanging existence now; and as if to stamp on her heart the conviction of her own self-deceit came the thought of Mr. Pritchard. He was a stranger, and yet he had not occupied the merest fragment of her thoughts. She scarcely remembered a word he had said, and all through the night she had been repeating every look and tone and gesture of Mr. Whitmore's.

She had come down to breakfast pale and unhappy, and her father had announced to her his intention of asking Elizabeth Matthews to live with them. Nuna was already so unstrung that she had felt no ready power of self-control; she burst into an indignant remonstrance, and went out of the room in a tempest of almost despairing sorrow. Now, as she stood looking for the song, Paul came towards her, and held the portfolio open. Nuna's cheeks grew hotter and hotter as she bent down over the music; her fingers felt glued to the paper, and kept on turning over leaves at random. She could not master her terror—a terror she could not have explained, and yet in which there mingled an intense, almost a delirious joy. The song had been an old one; Nuna had sung it sorely against her will at the urgent request of Mrs. Bright; it was the ordinary hackneyed plaint of a forsaken maiden bewailing her fate in extra touching words. She found the song at last, and held it towards Paul.

But he had forgotten all about it. He had been watching the rising glow in Nuna's face, and the traces of deep sorrow, and every moment he had felt himself drawn more and more irresistibly to try and win the confidence of this half-shy, half-frank creature so utterly unlike any girl he had seen before.

He took the music, and put it back among the rest. "I am afraid you are in trouble—can't I help you in some way?"

He felt how eccentric he was; but Paul was not accustomed to resist impulse, and an attraction that was quite beyond him hurried him on now completely out of himself and of all reticence.

The touch of sympathy in his voice thrilled through Nuna. Involuntarily her eyes raised themselves to his, and sank at once beneath the glowing gaze she met. She felt as if she must run away from him.

"You can't help me. I'll see if papa is ready." She tried to make her words as cold and as steady as she could; she walked across the room, her fingers were on the handle of the door, another moment, and she would have escaped.

How do such things happen? No one knows; no one can ever detail the sensations of the most eventful moments of life. No one sees the wind rise, or the lightning part the dark cloud overhead. We see the tree lying prostrate, the building tottering from roof to basement, or it may be riven asunder, and we feel with a sort of awful conviction that no mere human agency can ever revoke that which has come to pass, and efface the stamp of disaster.

In the present case the seen effect was this: Paul had reached Nuna's side, had taken her hand very gently and tenderly in his own.

"Won't you tell me?" he said; "I am sure I could help you."

He had taken her hand gently, but he held it firmly. For an instant she tried to escape, and then she yielded, not only because she felt no power against his strong grasp, but because her spirit yielded too in glad submission.



"I am not likely to leave my father," she said.

"You will tell me, won't you?" He bent his head, and the words seemed to steal into her very soul. "If you knew how I long to comfort you, you would, I'm sure."

It seemed to Nuna as if her grief were too childish; there was so much of reverence in her love for Paul, it was impossible to trouble him with the story of her dislike to Elizabeth.

"You'll think me silly," she blushed, and Paul could scarcely keep from drawing her close into his arms. But he was not in the same wild impatient state into which Patty Westropp had thrown him. He saw that if he were gentle with Nuna, she would tell him her trouble in her own way; but he saw too that her shyness was real, and that she was as likely to run away as to stay with him.

"I could never think you silly," he said warmly. He felt the little hand trying to free itself, and he let it go.

Almost unconsciously, and certainly without design, they had moved out of the house and to a settee beside an arbor, where the morning sun was giving warmth and brightness. Here Nuna had seated herself, seemingly needing rest from her emotions.

"It seems like blaming my father," she said simply; "but I don't mean that; only he is asking a cousin to come and live with us, a person I dislike, and it makes me so unhappy." She paused. Paul stood listening; he felt warm delight at winning this child-like confidence. "I do so long to know if I am right or wrong," and in her impulsive, unthinking way she clasped her hands over her eyes. "I longed so to live alone with my father, and now he will be shut away from me more than ever, and he will end by not loving me at all."

If she had not hidden her eyes, she would not have said this; but the unseen spiritual influence was drawing her to Paul with irresistible strength.

"That is impossible," he said warmly. He had bent down over her while she hid her eyes; she felt this, and drew herself away. The slight movement quickened his growing love; he longed to take her hand away, to make the dark eyes look lovingly into his. A sudden remembrance of Will Bright came between him and Nuna, and he resolved to know the truth.

"It may be," he said, "that Mr. Beaufort knows you will leave him before long, and he wishes to make provision before such an event takes place?"

Nuna could not mistake the questioning tone in which he spoke. She looked up for the first time, and he read in the frank, direct glance her guess at his meaning.

"I am not likely to leave my father," she said; she blushed very much as she dropped her eyes and marked aimlessly in the gravel walk with a gnarled stick she had picked up on the bench. That one glance at Paul had reminded her that she was opening her whole heart to a stranger. But her words were like joy-bells to Paul; he loved her for her frank directness. It seemed to him that she had understood that he meant Will Bright.

"But you would leave him for some one who loved you—some one you loved, too—you would, would you not?"

Before he could get possession of her hand again Nuna had taken fright, and started away from him. Spite of her love, it was too new, too sudden. She could not believe he loved her. What had she done to give Mr. Whitmore cause to speak in this way to her? Flight seemed her only safety; and yet when she reached the door she gave one look, she could not help it, to show him she was not angry. The look was enough; it was all Paul could do to keep from following her and forcing her to speak the confession her eyes had made.

He loved her better for not yielding too easily. Had he seen the Rector he would at once have asked permission to woo his daughter; but Mr. Beaufort's letter proved lengthy, and Jane came to say "the horse was brought round, and would Mr. Whitmore excuse seeing master."

CHAPTER XXI

MRS. BRIGHT CONFIDES

Mr. Beaufort's old horse knew the short way to Gray's Farm, and he trotted briskly through Carving's Wood Lane—but not fast enough to satisfy Paul. The oft-trodden way brought back most disturbing memories; and when he reached the angle leading to the cottage, he fairly dashed over the common to get free from them. His passion for Patty seemed to him to-day a mad infatuation; and yet if this change of fortune had not happened, he would most likely now be married to her—an ignorant country girl. And what had he done this morning? Flung himself, in the same headlong, impulsive way, into a fresh attachment.

"And how is it to end? Am I going to make Nuna my wife—my wife?" he said the last words slowly, with a sort of hesitating pleasure. There was nothing to shrink from in Nuna Beaufort, and yet it seemed strange to Paul that at the very threshold of his love, when he might have been expected to forget all prudence or doubt in the first flush of joy, it seemed strange he should ask himself deliberately why he had been so hasty.

But he forced himself to think of her and her sweet blushing confusion, and before he reached Gray's Farm his mind was once more at ease. He felt that he was beloved, not as he meant Nuna to love him,

but still enough to make him sure that he would suffice for Nuna's happiness; Paul had studied women enough to learn that a woman's love brings its own happiness along with it, if she only gets some love in return for the lavish wealth of her own. He felt that to such a nature as that which revealed itself in Nuna's deep passionate eyes the bliss of loving was greater even than that of being loved again.

"And what does one want in a wife, but love?" he said to himself. "And she has so much besides. She is far too good for a harum-scarum fellow like me. I don't believe her father will let me have her."

He was hailed from the other side of the hedge that bordered the stony lane, and presently Will and his cousin appeared through a gate leading into the field they had been walking in.

"Very glad to see you," said Will, heartily. Paul shook hands, but he felt guilty; he resolved that no amount of pressing should prevail on him to become an inmate of Gray's Farm, for he felt positive Mr. Bright was in love with Nuna.

Mrs. Bright was in a flutter of delight, and Mr. Whitmore so increased her excitement by praising everything, from the scarlet bunches of pyroanthus berries on each side of the entrance door to the old-fashioned dogs in the fireplace, that she nearly danced with pleasure along the passage leading to the drawing-room. But here Paul's praises came to an end. There was a stuffy formal atmosphere about this, the grand room of the house, and moreover all the little attempts at taste—and there were too many of these—were either stiff, or what Mrs. Fagg would have called "messy." The room worried Paul. He was glad when Will got a business summons to the hall, and Mr. Bright proposed they should go into the parlor and see if dinner were ready.

"I never wait for Will," she said. "We live like clocks here, Mr. Whitmore, every day exactly like."

"Don't you get very tired of it?" said Paul. "Dear, dear, how like you are to Nuna Beaufort; that's exactly what she said yesterday when I was telling her about Will's punctual ways. Something in the paints is it, do you think, that makes people irregular? You know Nuna is quite an artist, Mr. Whitmore. And yet Stephen is just the same about dullness, and his is all pen and ink work. I suppose you are all alike, and I can't tell what it is that does it?"

It was always impossible to the blithe chatterpie of a woman to keep her uppermost thoughts from getting into words, and yet she felt sure Will would be vexed that she talked about Nuna to Mr. Whitmore.

Mr. Pritchard roused himself from the brown study into which his aunt's talk was apt to send him, "I say, Paul, what do you think of our Ashton beauty? I can tell you, you must mind what you say about her here."

Paul looked at Pritchard, and then at Mrs. Bright; it seemed to him that his last night's admiration had not been remarked. They both appeared to be standing up in defence of Nuna.

"I think she is charming," he said, warmly. "I wonder she has not been taken away from Ashton before this."

Mrs. Bright bridled, smiled at Mr. Pritchard, and gave a sort of half-cough.

"Then you did not tell your friend anything, Stephen?"

"I don't think there's anything to tell; and if there is, I'm not sure that Will cares for it to be talked over publicly." Mr. Pritchard spoke roughly, walked to the window and whistled. It had come into his head last night as they drove home from the Rectory, that if he could bring himself to commit such a folly as marriage—Mr. Pritchard had taken more wine than usual, as it was broad moonlight, both which circumstances may account for his entertaining even in a temporary fashion such a conventional idea as marriage—well then, if he could do this, Nuna Beaufort was just the girl he should like for a wife.

"She has plenty of feeling and fire, and no forms and ceremonies," for a keen observer like Pritchard had noted at once the little irregularities of manner, the impulsive words which, spite of her gentle courtesy, made Nuna wholly unlike a proper "drawing-room young lady."

Finding herself left thus alone with Paul, the temptation to confide was too strong for Mrs. Bright.

"Perhaps Stephen is right, Mr. Whitmore," she said in a half-whisper; "my son is extremely particular; but then you are so intimate with his cousin, living together and all, you know, it does make such a difference."

"You must excuse me," said Paul, "I cannot imagine that I have the slightest right to Mr. Bright's confidence."

"Of course not, I did not mean that; but everybody in Ashton knows Will means to marry Nuna. The Rector and I settled it months ago." A flush came into Paul's face. He wished to speak openly to Mr. Beaufort before any one else—before Pritchard even knew of his love and his hopes; but still it seemed as if he must protest against Mrs. Bright's certainty.

"I am not surprised at your son's attachment, but I should not have thought Miss Beaufort was likely to marry him."

"Good gracious me! why not? Why, Stephen—no, nothing." She heard her son's heavy step outside,

and she stopped. "I wish dinner would come; you must be quite starved, Mr. Whitmore."

But Paul assured her he could not stay to dinner. He felt as if he could not remain another minute in the house. The idea of Nuna disposed of in this summary fashion made him furious. Mrs. Bright begged and entreated, and got Will to aid her in pressing hospitality on the visitor. Paul was resolute, and finally got off with the penance of a glass of cherry brandy, and a hunch of seed-cake nearly as big as his head, Mrs. Bright keeping up meanwhile a history of the cherry-tree, and of the best way of preventing the fruit from shriveling in the brandy.

CHAPTER XXII

MRS. FAGG'S OPINIONS

Paul did not go back to Ashton till late in the afternoon. He had a good notion of locality, and so after refreshing himself and his horse at a wretched little inn, where the bread was mouldy and the ale sour, he managed to see a good deal of country before he at last found himself at the farther end of Ashton from "The Bladebone."

He had studied to avoid Carving's Wood Lane. Patty was nothing to him now, only a humiliating memory; but his mind was at peace about Nuna, and he did not want to risk the chance of the strange disturbance he had experienced that morning as he rode through the lane.

"After all, I'm no wiser than other fools," he thought; "does not all history, whether of life or fiction, tell the same tale? Love never was, never can be a comfortable or easy sensation; it must always be full of doubt and worry."

He felt impatient to see Nuna again—not the feverish intoxication of impatience which had doubled each minute that kept him away from Patty; there was more method and reason in his present mood, and yet he was impatient. He wanted to make matters straight, to be quite sure of Nuna and to speak to Mr. Beaufort.

"I suppose I ought to have talked to the old gentleman before I said anything to Nuna, but then I never do as I ought; besides, I can keep a wife, so there's nothing to be said against my making it out with her first."

Mrs. Fagg had softened towards her lodger when she found that the Rector had taken him into such favor as to lend him his own horse; a favor which he owed far more to Mr. Bright's asking than his own, for Paul was bad at asking favors. Mrs. Fagg brought in his dinner, and waited upon him herself. But he was very silent; he had no questions to ask till she gave him one piece of information, and that startled him into talk.

"The Rector and Miss Nuna are going away to-morrow, sir; but you knew that, perhaps."

"Where are they going to?" Paul looked, as he felt, thoroughly vexed. Nuna had said nothing to him of this; he hated matters to go against his wishes, and he had planned out to-morrow after a fashion of his own.

"To Beaulands, sir; they always go there once a year, but only for a couple of days or so; it's Lord Lorton's place, Miss Nuna's grandpapa. Her mamma was Lady Mary Wynne, as you may have heard, sir."

No, he had not heard. This was worse and worse. He with his democratic notions, and his horror of "upplish" people, merely because they were "upplish"—for in his heart Paul valued breeding highly—that he should have given his love to the granddaughter of a lord! It was impossible that Mr. Beaufort could listen to his suit.

"Do you know when they are to return?"

"Well, sir, we are to send a fly up to the station the second day after to-morrow. I believe they are coming then."

Paul gave a sort of grunt, but his landlady approved his dissatisfaction: it showed that he valued the Rector's company. She went into the kitchen to tell Dennis.

"I've a better opinion of our lodger than I had, and I don't object to his being here since he's took up with the Rectory. Mr. Beaufort may be a fidget and fanciful, but he's a real gentleman, and no one can get anything but good from his company. Mr. Whitmore was quite put out when he heard they were gone."

"Did you hear Miss Matthews were coming back?" said Dennis, with a look of great wisdom in his flat, complacent face.

"No, and I do hope she'll stay away; Miss Nuna's looked herself again ever since Miss Matthews went."

"She's coming, as sure as a gun. When I took the horse round just now, cook told me so herself." Mrs. Fagg could not restrain a slight elevation of the eyebrows at her husband's appetite for gossip. "Cook says Miss have been fretting about it, but master's more comfortable with Miss Matthews than without her."

"In-deed!" Mrs. Fagg had a prodigious stress on the first syllable, and then she stopped, her breath coming in a series of short pants, as if indignation were too much for her. "Now I tell you what, Dennis; you know as well as most, that I don't give myself to talking of my neighbors, but if that Miss Matthews comes back to the Rectory, she don't leave it till she's married the Rector,—that's what she'll do."

(Continued on page 28)

At the Dawson Farm

By Mary Ella Lawrence

I WILL never marry the girl my father wishes should become my wife," Jack Dawson said firmly. "I do not love Miss Sims, and will not wed where my heart is not thoroughly enlisted, and now that I have met and learned the worth of true affection, nothing shall tempt me to turn from my soul's most earnest desire."

So it was planned that Julia Crawford should go to Jack's home for the summer, (as Aunt Emily had said they might as well have a boarder while her brother's children were at home,) and that Jack's father should know nothing of their engagement, until he had learned to love and know the true worth of his son's promised bride.

"We will be introduced as strangers," Jack said, "for while my father is determined that I shall wed Miss Sims, he would love no one whom he thought could usurp her place."

Julia arrived at the farm in June, and Jack a week later, and while the birds sang amid the sweet scent of the clover, and the haymakers toiled in the warm sunshine, she, with Jack's sister Nellie, wandered through the meadows, and rode on the huge loads of hay which were driven to the barn.

The whole farm was soon in love with Julia, even the animals would follow at her call, and Aunt Emily declared that she was more like hired help than a boarder, for she found her ever ready to aid in all that interested their humble life.

One morning they were sitting by the kitchen door, Aunt Emily shelling peas, while the girls picked over the berries which had been gathered.

"Mandy Sims is coming home to-day," Aunt Emily said eagerly. "Her pa drove down early and said she was expected on the morning train."

A slight flush rose to Julia's brow, as Nellie explained that Miss Sims lived at one of the neighboring farms.

"And a smart young woman she is," Aunt Emily continued, "She will make our Jack a good and sensible wife."

"There is nothing decided yet, Aunt Emily," Nellie calmly protested.

"No, but your pa intends there shall be before Jack's vacation is over," she said, in a decided tone. "He thinks it is time the boy settled down."

Mandy arrived on time, and was a constant visitor at the farm, but Jack never gave his loved one cause to complain, as he never allowed his courteous attentions to be carried beyond a neighborly friendship.

But this did not please his father, Mandy had a fortune of her own, and he was anxious to have it firmly settled between the young people, so Jack was constantly taken to task for not "shinin' up more," as the old man expressed it, and as he grew more annoyed that his son would not listen to his advice, he daily schemed to keep the young people together. He was always planning some errand to take Jack to her father's farm, or bring Mandy over to tea, which obliged his son to accompany her home, until he strongly rebelled, telling Julia he would bear it no longer.

The summer was beginning to wane, and Julia, deprived more and more of Jack's company, was found in the kitchen with Aunt Emily the greater part of the day.

"You must teach me to cook," she said one

morning, and then the puddings and cakes that were set before the family were marvelous.

"I think you surpass your instructor," Nellie said one day, as they partook of a hot chicken pie, "surely Aunt Emily's crust was never so flaky as this," whereupon Pa Dawson turned his eyes towards the sweet face of the girl clad in her long white apron, with thoughts in his heart which not one of the family had ever dreamed.

One day on entering the kitchen, he found his sister turning the cream into the churn, while the young people were waiting near, as if something of unusual interest was about to occur.

"What's up now?" he asked, as he viewed their roguish faces. "Going to run a race for a dairy prize?"

"Yes, papa," Nellie replied gleefully. "What will you give the one who churns the most butter to-day, A speckled turkey?"

"Yes, a real beauty," he said, joining in their sport. "Go ahead, Nell, let's see how long you can turn the crank without crying tired."

So Nellie began, but very soon Julia was obliged to take her place, and amid the laugh that followed, a light phaeton drove into the yard.

"Come to the village with me, Nellie," Mandy Sims called gayly, and then spying the entire family, she drove close to the kitchen door.

"Can't," Nellie said decidedly, "We are churning this morning for a prize."

"Come Jack, then," she added, giving him one of her sweetest smiles.

"What, and lose that valuable turkey? I guess not," and laughing lightly he was about to turn away when an angry look shot from his father's eyes.

"Jack," he said, "I wish you to carry some papers to Lawyer Mason for me," and rising he went to a desk in the corner, while a same angry glance darted from the eyes of his son, for he knew it was but an excuse to oblige him to ride to town with Mandy.

He glanced resentfully at Julia, but the word "go" was framed on her ruby lips, but when they drove from the yard with Mandy in her gayest mood, Jack's face wore a look which Julia knew boded no good to her earnest desire of keeping their engagement a secret longer.

He will surely tell them to-day, she thought, and I was hoping to win his father's strong regard before that time should come. She wandered back to the house, taking the churn from Aunt Emily's hands, and silently musing over her misty future, the butter soon turned to a golden lump.

"Well, you've won the prize," Mr. Dawson said heartily, "now come to the pen and pick him out." So Julia, fanning herself with her apron, followed to the orchard, while Nellie ran ahead to drive up the contrary brood.

The turkeys all looked alike to Julia, but selecting the one which seemed the most friendly, she was about to return to the house, when Aunt Emily came beckoning to Nellie, as another visitor had entered the yard.

Julia did not feel like meeting strangers just then, so calling her speckled pet, she found that Mr. Dawson was still lingering beside the fence watching her attentively.

"Do you enjoy living on a farm?" he asked, in a serious tone.

"Yes," she answered, "It is delightful to be in the country these beautiful summer months."

"And it is fine in the winter," he added, "when we have good sleighing. This town is lively enough when the fall work is done."

"I suppose you have fairs, and concerts, and suppers at the church. Do you and your sister attend all the festivities?"

"Well—" hesitating, "Aunt Emily is a-most too old to go out evenings,—but if I had some one younger who would enjoy it, think I should go considerable more," and casting a side glance at Julia, she caught a firm grasp of the wooden posts.

"I should think there would be plenty of young people here who would be pleased to accompany you. Mandy Sims for instance, Aunt Emily considers her a smart and accomplished young woman."

"Yes—but she doesn't suit me—you see—although I am not as young as I once was, I still know the right kind of a woman when I see her."

"Then you don't think Mandy quite up to your idea of womanhood?"

"Well—no, not—for me. The fact is Miss Julia, I have never seen any one since the death of my beloved wife, that I have admired as much as I do yourself."

Julia turned in amazement.

"But I am engaged, Mr. Dawson," she said clearly, as he was stepping forward.

"Engaged!" and the old man paused in wonder.

"Yes, and I am also in trouble," she continued, "for the gentleman whom I love, and who also reciprocates my affection, is much pained at present, over his father's fixed determination that he should make another his bride."

"What," the old man replied angrily, "Thinks you ain't good enough for his son. He ought to be flogged without mercy."

"Oh no, not that, he simply wishes his son to marry for wealth, although I have heard him say the young lady was not the kind of a woman he would wish to marry himself."

The old gentleman whined faintly. It seemed to him their conversation was taking a personal turn, and looking in Julia's eyes, he read the secret of her earnest words.

"It isn't—isn't—" he began.

"Yes, it's Jack," Julia proclaimed boldly, "and dear Mr. Dawson, don't let your love of wealth wreck two such loving hearts."

For a moment the old man seemed stunned, then turning, he met Jack's eyes as he came hurrying towards them, and with a low "I vum," he left them to enjoy the happiness which they so long had craved.

A Creed

We will try to make some small piece of ground beautiful, peaceful and fruitful. We will have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it. We will have flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance and sing it; perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art; and little by little some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us—may—even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting gifts of gold and frankincense. *Ruskin.*

A Runaway—By Elizabeth Minot

Down by the sea

Soft the waves murmur, the brisk wind flows free:

Far to the east the horizon line lies,

Hither and yonder each flapping sail flies,

Blue is the water, the air crisp and clear,

Yellow the sand, to the wave margin near,

And here, on the beach,

Like a sea-smitten rover

Stand the bright heads

Of the dainty pink clover!

Down by the sea

What is he doing, from pasture life free?

Where are his neighbors, the daisies and sorrel?

Have those true hearts had an untimely quarrel,

Or did he weary of quiet and home,

And to the verge of the great unknown roam?

Just here, on the beach,

Stands the valiant young rover,

Proudly upholding

His good name of lover!

Down by the sea,

Who is so debonair, dainty as he?

Far to the east does he lift yearning eyes,

Fain would he fathom the misty sunrise;

What does he seek in the days that shall be,

What may his soul vision, all entranced, see,

As here, on the beach,

Like a well-content rover,

Stand the gay heads

Of the gallant pink clover?

Jack and the Beanstalk

By C. N. HILL

Under the Influence of the Fairy of the Piece, the Ogre Unintentionally Restores his Inheritance to Hans

IX

IN WHICH A SAMPLE OF SIR GEORGE'S TEMPER IS SHOWN

THE NEXT Saturday's *Excelsior* came out with an article which drove Sir George nearly frantic. There was nothing to lay hold of. This polite sarcastic bitterness was very different from the richly laid-on epithets of vituperative partisanship. In vain the old Baronet stamped and raged and choked over his grilled luncheon bones, and there was nothing to be done. He vowed he would bring an action for libel, although his attorney had assured him there was nothing libellous in the article, not even in the opening apologue, where some mythological monster was described, whose voracity not only extended to the donkeys and the geese upon the commons, but to the commons themselves, which he seemed prepared to gulp down—thistles, washing-lines, furze-bushes, and all. This mythological monster was not fastidious—so it was reported. Fair Andromedas, ancient widows, unwary leaseholders, all fell victims to his voracity, to say nothing of farmyards and their unsavory contents.

How different was the conduct of the respected lord of two adjoining manors, the *Excelsior* went on to say, who carefully respected all those rights that could be proved, and only attempted to possess himself of those which long custom perhaps had given for the use of the inhabitants of the parish, but about which some legal difficulties might arise—for instance, the village green and the elm trees—

"What a wicked, wicked shame!" said poor Lady Gorges, looking up from her plate. "George, dearest, do you really think they mean you?"

"What do I care who they mean?" the Baronet growled, crashing down the paper on the table.

"Perhaps it is Mr. Crockett," faltered Lady Gorges. "He has property here, you know, and—"

"—", said Sir George. "Give me a sharper knife, Corkson. How dare you bring me such a thing as this!" and he almost flung the great blade into the butler's eye.

"You are quite right to pay no attention to what they say, dear," faltered Lady Gorges with an agonized look.

"Hold your tongue, Jocasta," roared her husband. "Lina, will you have any more cold meat?—say yes or no:—it! How dare the cook send it up half raw?"

Lina shook her head with an expression of disgust.

When her father left the room, she got up heedless of her mother's call, and followed him into the hall, where she heard him stamping about, shouting for his boots, his whip, his horse.

"Your mother is only about one remove from an idiot," he said to Lina, as she came up; "how can you let her talk such nonsense? I am going to see Gripham to talk things over again. — their impertinence. I know the writer; it is that — Lefevre—crash him! He shall pay for his articles."

Lina stood leaning against the hall table, watching her father as he prepared for his ride. * * * * She felt she must speak. It was her duty, come what might.

"Papa," she said, in her grave, vibrating voice, "I must say this—before you take any steps; remember that you never looked at that paper I found. If it were to be the lease, if he were to prove—"

"What, you too!" raved Sir George in a new frenzy. He flung his heavy coat to the ground in his rage, and he seized her by the shoulders. Lina turned pale and sick and giddy, so that she scarcely knew what happened; she did not see his fierce red face turn pale. But she was his girl—the one person in the world he loved. "Get out of my way," he said, with a sudden change of tone, letting her go, so that she would have fallen but for the table. When she looked up her father was gone. The coat was still lying on the ground, and as the butler picked it up, Sir George's keys fell out of one of the pockets. "Ma'am," said Corkson, coming up, "shall I send them after him?"

"No, give them to me," said Lina faintly. "I will keep them."

X

IN WHICH LINA USES HER FATHER'S KEYS

Up at Stoney-moor Court the sun blazes steadily on the flagged courtyard; it throws the shadow of the brick arcades along the flags; the chimney-stacks standing out against a blue vault where some birds are flying in a line. It is all very silent, very hot. The morning-room windows are open wide. The oak panels look dark and seem a refuge from the flames of this autumn day. It is Lina's own sitting-room, with the grand old chimney, where the scutcheon of the Gorges is carved about the shelf. There are the pictures of the vanished ladies who have inhabited the room in succession: the Sir Antonio More grandmother, whose eyes are Lina's still; the Sir Joshua grandmother, the first Lady Gorges. Those ladies

were happy enough, no doubt, in their morning-room, respected and peaceful, enclosed and protected by the oaken walls from the dangers by night, from the heat of the day, from the wild pains that were still lurking around about the park gate—pains of hunger, of want, of life-long weariness.

Those dead ladies had been good women living, sheltered among the branches of the family tree, coming to an edifying end. They did not resent their patches and *eases*, their laces, the pearl necklaces on their slim throats. Why could not their descendant be as they were, useful, contented in her generation, as ready as they had been to keep up the family tradition of womanly beauty and graceful virtue? How could she demean herself as she did by taking an interest where none should have existed for her?

People cannot reveal their secrets and then go back and be as if they had never spoken nor thrilled in sympathy. As the time comes round, one by one, people strike their note, speak their word, and are revealed to each other; and the day had come when Lina revealed herself as she was, and broke through her reserve. When she had met Hans again after that miserable discovery, he knew what manner of woman she was. How could she still treat him with lofty young lady indifference and distance? The injustice which had been done, her father's violent attack upon him and threatened prosecution—all seemed to draw her towards him; and she found herself talking to him almost as if he were a baronet's son, asking him one question after another—about himself, about his dispute with her father, about the poor in the parish. One day Hans eagerly offered to take her to see Old Conderell and the cottage in which he lived, and Lina would have gone off then and there if Lady Stella had not interfered. Lina was very angry with her for interfering, and drew herself up quivering with vexation; but while the discussion was pending, Lady Gorges drove up in her big carriage, and Lina was carried off a prisoner in a dark padded prison with an immense battlemented coat of arms on the panel.

Lina of the golden hair is standing in one corner of the room in the curious nervous attitude peculiar to her; one foot put straight out, her long arm hanging by her side, and her blue eyes wandering round, anxious and vacant. * * * * Was anything amiss? Everything looked comfortable and luxurious enough. The gardener had brought two great basins of roses for her table. She had just come in, and had flung her blue gauze scarf and her hat upon a chair. On the floor at her feet stood a small tin box. It was marked No. 5, and looked just like one of those in Sir George's study.

A sound at the door. Lina hastily covers the box with her scarf and turns round with a startled "Who is there?"

It is only her mother, who opens the door and puts in her head. "Your papa is out. I am going to distribute the bread tickets in the housekeeper's room, Lina. Shall we drive at three?"

Lina looks round, absent and a little confused. "Yes, mamma, at three," she says.

"That is, if dear papa does not come back," continues Lady Gorges, "for he might be vexed with us for ordering the carriage and not wish us to drive."

"Perhaps not, mama," says Lina, with an impatient sigh.

And then Lady Gorges closed the door, and trotted off to the housekeeper's room, where the good lady's chief interests were sorted away, and where twice a week in her husband's absence she assembled a certain number of pensioners. (Her benefactions were not likely to pauperize the neighborhood, but she kept them from Sir George's knowledge, and economized this bread and meat cast upon the waters out of the house-keeping books.)

The poor lady would retire to her storeroom in the intervals of her husband's temper to solace herself with sugar-cones and orderly jam-pots, tin cans of spice, and gingerbread nuts. It was Mrs. Plaskett's niece whose duty it was to dust and arrange the contents of the many cupboards. The storeroom led by a narrow stone passage to the door of Sir George's study; it also opened into the yard, and the Baronet had a fancy for passing out this way without being seen by the household. There was a third door leading to the pantry and the kitchens, through which Susan would escape if she heard him coming, and where, on bread-and-meat-ticket days, she used to stand sentry, admitting the applicants one by one.

Meanwhile Lina with trembling hands is unlocking No 5, turning over deeds and plans and hurriedly looking them over, and Lady Gorges is examining an important new case of Albert biscuits all pasted up with red inscriptions.

And Hans, the unquiet spirit, is jumping over a ditch. Then, by the help of a branch, he lugged himself up a steep embankment, and then he leapt over a hedge, and so by the short cut he scrambled up the steep slope to the Hall. He wanted to see Sir George, and so come to terms with him. Hans Lefevre was nobody, but Hans the accredited agent of the Reds and Greens,

with the *Excelsior* to back his demands and a lawyer's opinion in his pocket, to say nothing of all the chances of the coming election, was a personage not to be utterly ignored.

XI

IN WHICH THE MISSING LEASE IS RESTORED

And so by one of those chances which sound improbable when they are written down, although they happen often enough in real life, while Hans was wandering round the house in search of an entrance, Lina with trembling hands and drawn blinds was reading over the lines of his future fortune.

Hans found himself in a back yard at last, and walking across, he accosted an elderly woman in a big apron, who stood looking out of a back door; he took her for the housekeeper. She seemed much perturbed when he asked if Sir George was at home.

"Sir George! he is riding up the road! What do you want? This is not the right door. My husband does so dislike meeting people on his way. You must wait if you want to see him. Here, Plaskett, take this person into the pantry, put by the bread-tickets, and shut the door."

Hans flushed up, but after a moment's hesitation he followed the maid into the adjoining pantry, when she began stowing away the bread pans and baskets in the various cupboards. "You should have gone to the front door, Mr. Lefevre," said Susan; "Sir George does storm at us if he meets any one on his way. There he comes;" and through the closed doors Hans could hear a loud voice shouting and scolding.

"Faw! how close your room is! I'm tired. — it, can't you tell them to bring me some tea? and don't forget the cognac," he shouted, "and tell the cook I have another man's dinner to-morrow, and—let her see that the roast is properly served up. The dinner was not half cooked last time. You didn't expect me so soon. I caught Gripham at the station. Where is Lina? I want her."

Lina heard her father's voice echoing through the open doors, but she did not move.

She had lost her count of time and was still standing with the fatal paper in her hand; she was not reading it, but wondering in a stupid, tired way what she could do; how she had best persuade her father that this was indeed the missing lease to be given up to the rightful owner. Did he know? Ah, no, that at least was impossible. She shrunk from certainty, poor child—and clung passionately to her one hope that he was unconscious of the truth. He had scarcely glanced at the paper as he flung it into the box. How could he know? And then suddenly the door opened wide and her mother came in in some hurry and fluster, and Lina, startled, in terror and confusion unconsciously followed her father's precedent and dropped her roll into the open box at her feet.

"My goodness, Lina, what are you about?" cried Lady Gorges; "your papa is calling for you everywhere." ("Lina!" came a shout from the distance.) "He is come back, he wants his cheque-book, and Corkson says you have got the keys. Oh! and you are to take No. 5 deed-box. Are you ill, child? Why have you pulled down the blinds?"

"The sun was too dazzling," said Lina, trying to collect her thoughts, "Mama, what—why does papa want the deed-box?"

"That tiresome young Lefevre is here, come to talk about his rights," said Lady Gorges; "I sent him to wait in the pantry. I hope I did not offend him."

"Oh! mama, how could you?" said Lina. "Did he mind?"

"What does it signify whether he did or not?" said Lady Gorges. "It was very disagreeable for me: you can hear every word that is said from the pantry, and dear papa seemed tired and annoyed. He has such an active mind. He has been telling me he thinks of building a new public-house on the common; it is a nice airy situation and an excellent investment, and it was very foolish of me to object."

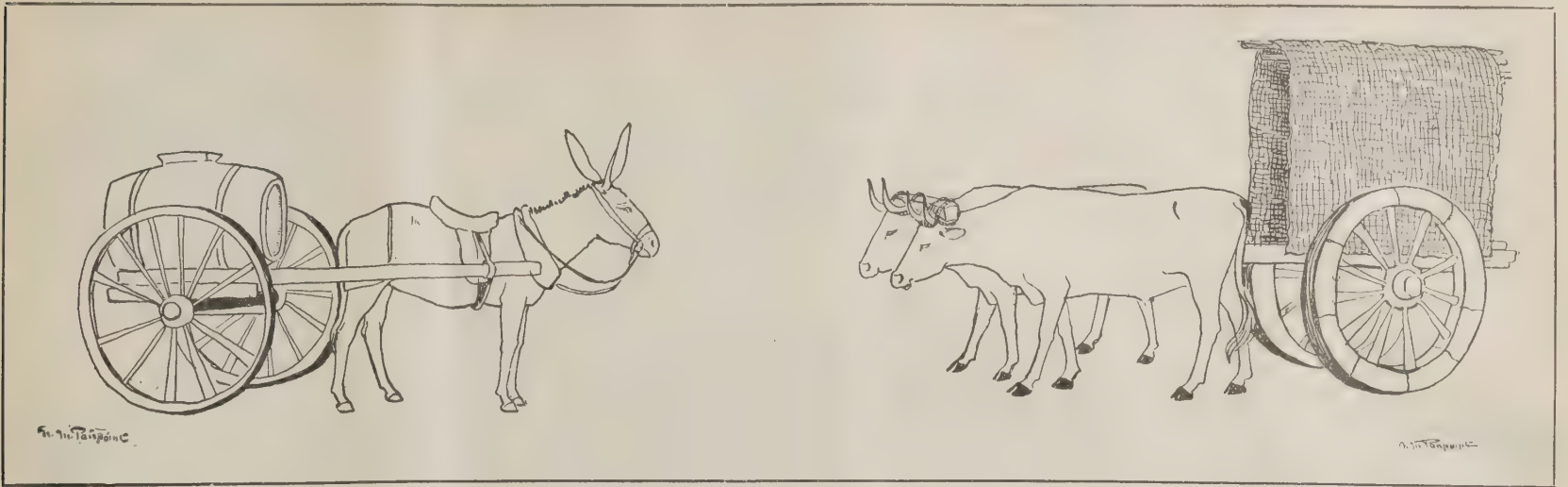
"Oh! mama," Lina was beginning; but a loud call from her father made her start up hurriedly.

"You will find him in the hall," said Lady Gorges, as Lina took up the box and ran out of the room.

Lady Gorges went about tidying the room and pulling up the blinds. "How could she sit in this darkness, and what was she doing with the box?" wondered the mother. "Dear me, how limp those curtains are! I must speak to Susan."

If Hans ever felt sorry for any one in his life, it was for Lina that day, as she came into the hall, carrying the deed-box and the cheque-book that her father had asked for. Sir George was leaning back on one of the big chairs and looking very strangely. The cup of tea Lady Gorges had ordered was there on the table before him, and beside the tea stood a liqueur case and a glass half emptied; and as Lina came in Sir George suddenly filled his cup to the brim with brandy and drained it off. The day was very hot; the Baro-

(Continued on page 25)



A Glimpse of the People of Mexico

By LENA E. PATTEN

Our Nearest Neighbors, but Differing Greatly From Us in Habits and Customs



MEXICO is a land of contradictions. The easiest country to reach from the United States, it is also the most foreign in race and customs, and its ruins and barbarism, together with its advanced civilization, make it a marvel of cosmopolitanism and contrast.

If you were to visit the City of Mexico, you would at once be interested in the dark-skinned people that throng the streets. You would see that, in general, two distinct races are represented the characteristics of each being strongly marked. It would not be difficult to distinguish the Indian traits, as it is the Indian blood that dominates the masses of the people. The native Mexican is either a full-blooded Indian or he is of Spanish descent. He is rarely a pure Spaniard, as nearly all families, even

in this quaint country that hats are removed in offices, that men embrace each other when they meet, that all sorts of endearing words are exchanged without meaning, and that courtesy is carried to an extreme of what seems to us an absurdity. The fact that your host says, when you enter his house, "Ya tomo v posesion de sucasa," ("You have now taken possession of your house,") means nothing except, "You are welcome," but it is a formality of expression that no well-bred Mexican would neglect.

Among the best families of Mexico there is a great tendency toward the adoption of English ways. The sons are often educated in England, while the young

children are supplied with English governesses. Men are beginning to use English saddles, to adopt corduroy breeches and high boots, and already the death knell of the native saddle and dress is sounded. English is spoken by all well educated people as well as in the shops.

The street scenes of the City of Mexico are strange and often grotesque. The shop windows are full of unfamiliar articles, the shops themselves are fanciful in coloring and decoration, while the cosmopolitan people, in all manner of costumes, make the street gay with color and variety.

The cab service is one of the most unique systems known, the color and general character of the cab you engage being somewhat of an indication of the class of society to which you belong. For example, the cabs bearing yellow flags are the cheapest and by riding in them you indicate at least your unwillingness to spend money; those decorated with red are of medium price and are consequently most largely patronized; while others, with dark blue bands painted on the body, demand the largest fees and are used only by the better-to-do people. One does not call a coach or a servant in Mexico by speaking but by hissing or clapping the hands.

Another unusual custom of the streets is the watering system. Indians, with cans in hand, are seen sprinkling the streets, inch by inch. This is, indeed, a laborious way of laying the dust, especially as the warm air dries the street in a quarter of an hour after it is watered.

There are many quaint and interesting things about a Mexican home. The house is usually built around an open square, thus enclosing a court which is often a scene of tropic beauty, with its palms and flowers and fountains. Mexican food is unlike that to which Americans are accustomed, and the manner of preparing these foreign dishes is interesting and unique. Tortillas constitute one of the chief articles of food. They are made of corn, which is ground on a flat stone by means of a metate, or smaller stone, held in the hands and moved upward and downward as one does in rubbing clothes on a washboard. When sufficiently fine, the corn is patted into little cakes. These are then baked and are ready for use.

A visit to the market places reveals many interesting sights. There are lavish displays of fruits, vegetables, fowl, game, pottery, and other articles. Wagons are backed up along the streets, and the selling of goods goes on at a lively rate within and without the building. Prices vary surprisingly, and the buyers are keen to strike bargains. A stranger to the ways of the shop keeper and one unacquainted with values is pretty apt to pay an exorbitant price for what he buys.



among the upper classes, have mingled more or less with the Indians, but he is a distinct type and numbers among his class the more intelligent inhabitants of Mexico. From his ranks, comes the Mexican gentleman, up-to-date in manners, dress, speech, and business methods, as well as the caballero, in buckskin trousers and gold-embroidered sombrero. There are, also, women in smartest frocks, who have adopted many of the American customs, and picturesque señoritas, bare-headed or hooded in rebozos. But distinct social caste exists among them. The line of separation is sharply drawn.

It is evident that the Indian stands at the bottom of the social scale. Scantily wrapped in his zarape, he lolls about the streets in idleness and apathy, his squaw carrying her papoose on her back. He never thinks of saving money. The present is his only concern, and he sees no comfort in anything higher than the position and circumstances in which he was born. Able to live on little, he earns little, and gambles until his small possessions are gone.

Above the Aztec, is the Mexican of a more or less romantic type. He is dressed in buckskin or cloth trousers, sometimes trimmed with rows of coins, and a flannel shirt. His sombrero constitutes his chief delight, and he will spend from twenty to thirty dollars for it, denying himself other more necessary things for this luxury. His occupation is often that of a cowboy, and he leads a free life on a rancho, where he is supplied by his master with horses and saddles and is paid about ten dollars a month, with food and lodging. In the city, you may see him "playing bear,"—as it is called,—which means courting his sweetheart outside her barred window.

The upper classes of Mexicans resemble the upper classes in New York or any other center of higher civilization, and it is only in certain customs that they differ. Well dressed men and handsomely gowned women are seen in Mexico as elsewhere, but it is only

THE CHILDHOOD OF JI-SHIB THE OJIBWA

By Albert Ernest Jenks

With Illustrations by the Author*

CHAPTER SIX

IN WHICH JI-SHIB OUTGROWS HIS CHILDHOOD



WITHIN three years after the great battle at the Ojibwa village, scarcely a visible sign remained to tell the sad story. The Squaws no longer carried on their backs the clothing of their dead. In fact, most of the widowed Squaws were married again and little children whose parents had been killed were adopted by other families.

Ji-shib' was now thirteen years old. He was almost as tall as his mother, and while not nearly so strong as she, he was an expert trailer and hunter of small animals. By

means of his arrows, rabbits, porcupines, raccoons, ducks and partridge often found their way into the family kettle.

One day in the early Summer he went with his father and another Indian away to the South, into the country where the Fox Indians lived, to dig medicine roots in the prairie.

As they paddled slowly down the river, a number of blue jays were screaming and scolding in the forest a short distance from shore. It was evident that something unusual was occurring, for the Indian learns as much from the flight and various cries of birds as from anything about him, and those blue jays exclaimed clearly enough—

"Something is wrong; come up and see!"

They paddled rapidly and silently down the stream a short distance, and then they cautiously crept up the bank and peered among the trees.

The jays were screaming above and around a dense thicket of paw-paw bushes, now and again darting into the thicket, out of sight. But the Indians' eyes could tell them nothing, so they used their next best means of discovery. They went back to the edge of the river, and crept softly up stream until they got where the wind blew from the paw-paw bushes toward them.

When they had again crawled up to the top of the river bank, the wind blew over to their noses this unmistakable tale: "I have just come from that clump of bushes, and, besides there being a great plenty of unripe paw-paws there, you will also take notice that the dense foliage is concealing a buffalo." They knew that the buffalo must be wounded, or it never would have hidden in such a place.

Ji-shib' remained where he was and watched the hunters as they flitted through the forest from one tree trunk to another, until they could approach the animal from opposite sides. They glided along without a sound, and yet during a moment in which Ji-shib' was watching his father, the other Indian moved the distance of several trees. The Indian strung his trusty bow and shot an arrow into the thicket, when a large buffalo bull staggered into view. It was weakened by hunger and loss of blood. Another well-directed arrow caused the wounded animal to totter and sink to the earth. In skinning the buffalo the hunters were greatly astonished to find a Sioux arrow shot nearly out of sight in its body.

They were alarmed, for they were alone, far from home, and, although in a country which the Ojibwa Indians, with no apparent dispute, had for some time claimed as their own, yet there was a Sioux arrow, and the buffalo which carried it was shot not more than three days before. They gradually breathed more freely, because the Sioux were nowhere discernable. They tracked the animal back, and soon came to signs of at least one hundred more. The tracks led directly from the river below where the canoe was. On crossing the stream they found the pointed moccasin tracks of two Sioux Indians who had not crossed the river from the west side and although they had skinned a buffalo there, and camped there at night, yet they had not built a fire. All of this, while showing that they were brave hunters, also told plainly that they were crafty Indians and careful not to be discovered.

Ji-shib' and his father paddled slowly down the river, while the other Indian followed the trail of the buffalo herd. After going down stream half a day, they came to a shallow ford where the herd had re-crossed the river, and there they waited. The tracks told them that the buffalo were no longer chased or frightened. It was also plain that the animals had crossed the stream only the previous evening.

Just at sunset the other Indian came to the river with a fresh skin and a load of tender meat. He had killed a fat buffalo cow which had left the herd as it moved

to reach the prairie where their medicine roots were, if they followed the tracks of the buffalo, the Indians decided to camp all night where they were.

In the early morning they put their ears close to the ground and heard the tramp of the buffalo. About noon they saw from a low hill in the open prairie, small dark spots slowly moving some distance ahead of them. The Indians remained hidden behind the hill until they could approach the buffalo along a narrow creek bed. Here they could proceed rapidly, for the bushes and small trees concealed them, and besides, the wind blew directly from the herd towards them, so that the buffalo could not discover their presence by the scent.

As they cautiously came out into the prairie from the creek bed, they were struck dumb with surprise. There, up the creek, only the distance of two arrow shots, were the two Sioux hunters, also cautiously entering the prairie from the creek bed and also intent on shooting buffalo. The two parties discovered each other at the same instant. There they were, face to face, hated enemies. Their tribesmen had hunted and killed each other for generations. Each Indian yelled his war cry and in an instant had thrown off everything except his breech-cloth, moccasins and weapons. Instinctively each brave hunter leaped toward the enemy, for there was neither time nor place to stalk the foe.

Yet it was clear that each party was hunting and not warring. The Ojibwa knew that the Sioux were alone, for they had previously

seen their tracks. The Sioux knew that the Ojibwa could not be on the war path, for children never went to war. So scarcely had they started before they all stopped. After a word of council between the two Sioux hunters, they both laid down their weapons and raised their empty hands above their heads. Ji-shib' and his father and the other Indians did the same. Thus these two parties of Indians, who could not understand a word of each others language, agreed on peace.

The Sioux came forward first, one of them holding a pipe in his hand. All five met half way between where they had left their weapons, and there they sat down on the prairie and passed the pipe from one to the other. No more sacred promise of peace was ever made than that of smoking the peace pipe among the Indians of North America.

When they had finished, they all went back to their weapons, and passing over the hill, ran down upon the herd. Each Indian shot a fat buffalo cow; and Ji-shib' became very excited as he stood half way

down the hillside and saw the remainder of the animals vanish from sight around a turn in the valley.

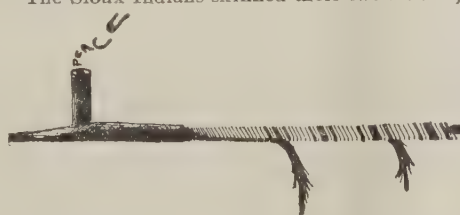
The cow that the other Indian shot ran quite a distance, followed by a large fierce bull. Even after she fell he stood over her, bellowing and pawing up the earth. Repeatedly did Ki-niw and the other Indian try to get to the cow, but each time the faithful old bull charged upon them, ever loyal to his shaggy Squaw. At last the two Indians separated, one coming up on either side, and they succeeded in shooting the fierce bull. When they came to the other cow to skin her, there was a calf lying asleep beside its dead mother. They caught the calf, and told Ji-shib to blow in its nostrils. He filled his lungs with air and then blew into its nose as one would blow up a football; then the little calf, not being able to smell anything except the breath of Ji-shib, followed him around as it would its own mother.

The Sioux Indians skinned their two buffalo, and signaling a peaceful good-bye, followed the fleeing herd and were not seen again.

The Ojibwa Indians took their buffalo skins and went in the opposite direction to seek their medicine roots. In the evening as they made their camp in the open prairie, the young motherless calf lay down beside them, and during the night slept its poor hungry little life away.

The next Spring Ji-shib and another boy lost a tame porcupine which they had kept a year, ever since it could eat alone. It wandered away during their absence from home, and had been gone several days before they knew about it. They tracked it through the forest, then along a creek, and found where it had eaten in the night at the edge of the water. Finally, after following it every step of its long wandering journey, seeing where it had slept and eaten in the trees, and where it had scratched in the dirt, they came to a lake with high jagged cliffs along one side. In some way their cunning failed them there, for trees were scarce, and some of the rocks were covered with soft green moss like rugs, and others were entirely bare, even of fine sand.

In vain they searched for tracks back and forth along the foot of the cliff. They



on through the thin forest, and remained behind with her calf which had its leg broken.

Seeing that the herd was so near them, and that it would not be much farther

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proposed to climb up the rocks a distance until they could look over from a projecting point, and there watch for the little rascal to waddle out of his cliff retreat in search of food.

(To be Continued)



Legends and Superstitions of Plants

Ancient and Mystic Stories of Some of Our Flowers

By Minnie B. Botsford

AMONG the legends of the ancient world, few subjects are more interesting than the mystic character and history given to many of our familiar plants.

Take for instance the German legend of the Pansy, which tells of an old King and his two beautiful daughters. The King married a Queen who also had two daughters, but these, unlike the King's children, were exceedingly plain. The Queen growing jealous of the praise and attention given her two step-daughters, did all in her power to make them unhappy. Failing to injure them in this way, the wicked Queen planned to humiliate them before all the Court. In the throne room were five beautiful state chairs which surrounded the throne. The Queen insisted that the King's daughters should occupy one chair. Pull off the two plain upper petals of a pansy and you will see the one chair upon which the two girls were seated. Pull off the two gayer side petals of the flower and you will see the green chairs on each side of the center upon which she seated her own two daughters, and that she might have an excuse for thus seating the King's children, she occupied the two remaining chairs herself, fearing, she said, that the use of only one chair would injure her beautiful state robes. Pull off the lower petal of the pansy and see how she used the two chairs. This cruel treatment made the old King so angry that he banished the Queen and her two daughters, but the Queen had the power of doing one magic act in her life, and in revenge she now used that power, commanding the King to sit on his throne forever, with his feet in a pail of boiling water. In the midst of the five green chairs left on the pansy stem you will see the King on his throne, and with the help of a tooth-pick, may carefully lift out his poor par-boiled legs and feet. The wicked Queen did not have long to enjoy her triumph, however, as a mighty Wizard in the King's land, commanded that she and the four daughters should become the petals of a flower and surround the poor King whom he caused to become the center of the first pansy, and from this one flower, composed of the royal family, so the story runs, have come all our beautiful pansies.

There is also the story of the Rose-bush of Hildesheim. The legend says that Ludwig, the Pious, planted it against the wall of the Cathedral which he founded in 822. This is implicitly believed by many people and the actual facts are that it has been proved without a shadow of a doubt, that the roots of the rose-bush are at least one thousand years old.

A pretty legend of the Snowdrop tells us how an Angel, pitying Eve, who was mourning over the barren cold Earth of the first Winter, came down from Heaven to console her, and as he spoke, he caught a snowflake upon his hand and breathing upon it, he bade it blossom. This flower he gave to Eve as a sign of the warm Summer time to come, and then his work finished, he departed, but around the spot where his feet had touched the Earth, had come a beautiful ring of pure white snowdrops.

Many of the legends have their origin in the shedding of blood. The Lily-of-the-valley is said to have come from the blood of St. Leonard who fought three days with a fierce worm, or dragon. Although eventually victorious, he was terribly wounded, and as he wandered homeward his blood dropped upon the Earth causing the lilies to come forth.

When the field of Waterloo was ploughed, after the victory of the Duke of Wellington, it became covered with the Red Poppy which was said to come from the blood of the men killed in that battle.

The Cardinal flower is said to spring from the blood of an Indian girl. A young Indian brave had lost the girl he loved, and he wandered over the Earth killing all the young girls he met. Mother Nature, angry at such wanton murder, sent forth the blood red cardinal flower wherever the blood from the maidens fell.

The Mexicans call the Marigold "Death Flower," as it is said to spring up from the blood of those who lost their lives through love of gold, and the Red Clover is supposed to come wherever a red man was slain in battle.

There is a common superstition that children at the age of seven, will become beautiful if they dance in Flax.

In some countries flax is used to put in the shoes of a bride to drive away poverty, and in Germany flax is still used to help a weakly infant. The child being placed naked upon the grass and flaxseed sprinkled over it.

In ancient Rome the first Anemone was gathered

while repeating these words: "I gather thee for a remedy against disease," and was thought to drive away fever. I have also met the belief in our own country.

The Peony has always been considered a mythical flower, and even now it has the reputation of preventing convulsions if worn around the neck in the form of beads made from the root.

The cure for Ague in Germany was to walk around an Oak Tree repeating some incantation, and in our own country the cure is to plant an oak tree at some cross road.

An Ash Leaf is supposed to bring good luck if carried near the person for six weeks.

In Ireland a cabbage leaf tied around the throat is thought to cure sore throat, while deafness could be cured by the juice of an Onion, and for chilblains, strike them with Holly.

Where Violets bloom in the Autumn, an epidemic will follow during the year, and in Austria it is called unlucky to pluck the Crocus as it draws away the strength and makes one more liable to any epidemic disease.

Where the Wild Roses Grow.

Mima M. Raffington

I know where the shy red bird sings all day to his nesting mate, where the drifting sunshine shimmers through the green, green leaves, where a little brook babbles endless love songs to the swaying ferns on its

Perhaps not; but there is a charm which lures us on over hill and dale, into the very citadel of peace.

Great oaks and elms, giant walnuts and hickories stand side by side, their waving branches, the happy homes of the birds, interlacing and forming beautiful arches. See, there the robin redbreast, and there, the bold blue jay with cocked head and glittering eye, while from some far away retreat comes the call of the mocking bird. A squirrel perches on a fallen oak, looks at us impudently, then hurries away to tell his mates of our coming. A bright-winged butterfly rests for a moment upon a little flower, then wings its way to a sweeter one.

A narrow path winds in and out among the trees, and crosses a little brook several times. Here a big log serves for a bridge, and there none is needed, for we can easily step across. The grass is soft and cool, and the sunlight flickers through the leaves, making ever-changing patterns of light and shade beneath our feet.

And now we are at the foot of a hill. The path is broader here, and the leaves form a green arch above us, through which we catch glimpses of the blue sky. At the top of the knoll, half hidden in a nest of trees, is a little cottage. A blue-eyed child plays on the doorstep, and at the open window a sweet-faced woman sings a lullaby as she sews, tossing the cradle with her foot. The husband and father whistles at his work in the field, close by. Peace, rest, and contentment abide here; but we have not yet found the charm of the woods, so we wander away.

Soon we come upon a clump of paw-paw bushes, and then we find a few luscious blackberries, the first of the season. Eager for more, we push our way through the briars, and lo! a flood of beauty bursts upon us. We have found the charm of the woods! Here at last are the wild roses, shedding their fragrance round about. Great clusters of the dainty pink blossoms are nodding in the sunshine. Sweet and modest, blushing at the lavish caresses of the sun and wind, they grow, living where God put them, giving out their sweetness upon the summer breezes, nor murmuring that they must live and die in obscurity.

Then let us learn the lesson of contentment from the roses. As their fragrance lends a charm to the whole wood, so let our lives shed a sweet influence upon those about us, and it will be well that we have visited the place where the wild roses grow.

How Our Amaryllis Surprised and Cheered Us.

By Carrie Sprout

Late in the past Autumn Mother took up her Amaryllis intending to let it lie dormant through the winter months.

After shaking the bulbs loose from the earth she let them dry off before putting them away. When dry she wrapped them in a piece of calico, tied them securely and hung them up in the kitchen closet.

Nothing more was seen of them until in March.

One very cold, snowy morning I was in the closet, preparing to hang up some wraps. As I stepped into the south-east corner to hang the wraps up I, glanced up and there confronting my astonished eyes were two large beautiful lilies.

For a second or so, I stood rooted to the spot in my astonishment.

Then, finding my voice I, shouted out "I have a surprise for Mother!"

She was sick at the time and being a great lover of flowers, her joy on beholding them, was all the greater.

Our past March was our severest month, and to behold such beauties, while outside a regular blizzard was freezing, both man and beast was a veritable touch of the summer.

We saw that the amaryllis had forced its way through a rent in the calico, in which it had been wrapped. After carefully cutting away the cloth we placed the bulbs in a large glass pitcher. We change the water on the plant frequently but never put any earth around it.

The blooms and leaves at first were of a paler hue than they are ordinarily but gradually they grew richer and darker. There were ten lilies in all. And the later ones were of the darker tint.

A number of friends called to see them and admired them. They wondered at their blooming under such conditions. Are you wondering, dear reader?

Our explanation of the phenomena is as follows:

The kitchen closet opens toward the west. In front of the opening is a window through which the afternoon sun shines brightly and this opening has no door. The heavy curtain over it is not always drawn thus allowing some sunshine to penetrate the closet.

The steam of the cooking three times a day and the warmth of the sun and the stove were conducive to the growth of the bulbs of our amaryllis.

This is a true incident as any one may verify by addressing me through this periodical. What may sometimes appear as a freak is only a law of Nature being interpreted to us if we are willing to learn.

FIREFLIES

H. E. Haydock

Over the fields and pastures,
Dark in the moonless nights,
Under the wood's soft blackness
Gleam the fireflies' lights.

Afar in the distant mountains,
Over the woodland stream
Rising from clear spring fountains,
The lights of the fireflies gleam.

About the rich man's houses,
Before the poor man's home
Gleam the lights of the fireflies
Dancing amidst the gloom.

Gems in the dark hair of summer,
Priceless, yet free to all,
Back to Nature, our mother,
The lights of the fireflies call.

banks, where a perfume, subtle and sweet pervades the air, where the wild roses grow.

When the sun clambers to the brow of the hill and peeps over at the sleeping world, when the summer breeze sweeps across the fields bearing the breath of the clover and scattering it as it goes, leave carking care behind and follow the road to the dividing of the way, where a little church points its spire heavenward. Now turn, and follow the crooked lane, winding away between its vine-wreathed banks, to the wood where the wild roses grow.

On the other side of the low rail fence, the practical world is left far behind. Do the fairies haunt this wood? Is it their presence which lends such a charm?

The Memory of that First Night in the Forest

By Miss Lorraine Willits

LAST night, for the first time, I slept "out of doors." Talk about your broad velvet couches with luxurious hangings and painted canopy tops! My couch surpassed them all: curtains of lacey leaves, posts of tall slender pines, canopy of glittering loveliness, bed of downy softness; a couch no queen ever owned and no palace ever held within its four magnificent walls.

When Day behind the distant mountain was retiring, drawing over knee and chin her rose-colored coverlet, and silently sinking to sleep, I too went to rest. Encircled by the dusky arms of Night, and pillowing my head upon her dark shoulder, with her star eyes to smile as I slept, I lay and watched and listened, for at such a time one has eyes keener than ever before, and ears attuned to sounds never before heard.

I saw the moon, like some wan, ascetic nun, with black, clinging draperies half hiding, half revealing her perfect form, stealing past the bars of her cloister, creep up behind the hill to look with white calm face full into mine.

The breezes came up from a lake surrounded by low swelling hills, peopled with trees,—such gossip trees,—whispering to each other from sunset until sunrise, all through the long, night. Occasionally a sigh would burst from them, to be carried beyond and beyond, as wave follows wave. It was as if some old gnarled beech-tree crone had quavered out stories of the used-to-be and regret wrung itself from all the young erect saplings as they listened.

I heard the myriad of night voices. Such a multitude of instruments, such untiring music! Such melodious variety, such harmonious blending of sound! The air was filled with it as it throbbed and beat and surged among the trees.

Clear and distinct, the drumming pound of beetle song propelled itself through the night air, while innumerable voices joined in the wondrous chorus, an unequalled symphony, an unrivalled nocturne, so sweet, so irresistible that I held my breath. Such music never poured itself forth in any concert hall in any city. Small wonder, at Creations' dawn, "the morning stars sang together," and joined in the great Hallelujah Chorus. I thought, if ever the voices of men and beasts and birds cease to praise God, there will be yet the mighty company of His unknown and invisible night choir, to go on and on with His praise. The Divine Chant will never end, and God always shall be comforted with the music of the mighty forests.

And then came sleep! It was not a closing of the eyes preparatory to rest and unconsciousness, but Night gently laid forcible fingers upon one's lids and held them down in spite of desire to hold them open and watch the wondrous scene. Sleep was not a thing to be futilly sought through a labyrinth of fast hurrying thoughts; it was a soothing presence which bent over one, and laid its cool cheek upon one's own. It was the *seeker*, not the sought. Sleep was not a horrid something to be sighed after, to be wrestled with, to be travailed for, to be in anguish to secure. It was an authoritative force compelling obedience, and quietly, gently brooding over one as a mother bending in the hush of the night over a sick child, administers a healing draught. And I slept, held close and firm, and glad to sleep.

Once I awoke, my eyes wide open with wonder. For an instant fear tugged at my heart, as to where I was, as when a child just awoke from some dream, I would look about my room and slowly recognize familiar objects, smile, and drop to sleep, safe in the knowledge of home and protection, gradually there came to me the consciousness of the darkness brooding over me, and the star eyes watching above me, and safe in the knowledge of home and protection, I smiled and dropped to sleep.

Hasty Picnics

By Hulda Richmond

PERHAPS the mother suggests having a picnic or the father comes home a little early with a tempting looking bundle under his arm, or one of the children wants to go to the woods—no matter how it starts there is joyful planning when the Canbys have a hasty picnic. They all like to go to big affairs where there are speeches and singing and swings and games, but privately they confess to liking their own little picnics best. To start with, there are no starched best dresses and new shoes to be careful of, and if one wants to wade in the brook for minnows, one can find plenty of company at the hasty picnics where such sport would be frowned on at the larger affairs.

I am afraid the people who like frosted cakes and elaborate salads and ice cream and four kinds of pie on the picnic table, would not like these little hasty picnics, but that is neither here nor there. They might object to the newspaper table cloth and napkins to match, but Mrs. Canby never goes to a picnic tired out from getting ready, so the boys and girls enjoy the fun all the more. All the children have a hand in the

preparations and all enjoy that part as much as the supper or dinner that comes later.

In this house there is a regular picnic outfit, which consists of paper plates from the meat market, several small, bright tin cups, a large bottle for the lemon juice and sugar, paper napkins cut from newspapers, several old knives, forks and spoons, three old school satchels, some old towels and a salt and pepper shaker.

One of the children makes the great pile of sandwiches, another gets the lemons ready, a third boils the eggs and the baby of the flock lends a hand everywhere. The mother plans the food and packs the basket which is to go in the cart with the baby, and then they all set out for the woods or the river or the tiny park. The children have fishing tackle though they seldom catch a fish, and there are various small articles tucked into the wagon. A ball and bat sometimes accompanies them and often whittling is the sole sport of the afternoon. The mother reads or sews or helps with the games, and the father enjoys the quiet of the pleasant shade. Often neighbors or little friends go with them and then the fun is doubled.

And what do they have to eat? Well, piles and piles of bread and butter always. They enjoy baked beans, cold ham, chicken, chopped steak fried in small cakes, veal loaf, cold tongue and various other picnic dishes, but always there is plenty of plain bread and butter. The mother may bake beans while she is getting dinner or prepare a veal loaf for the occasion, but often they know nothing of the picnic at dinnertime. Then they always have lots of fruit. Cherries, peaches, apples, grapes, plums and other varieties of fruit are taken along to be eaten in the natural state and thus

many times she had said it was "too much trouble" to get up picnics. True, the children were in old clothes and looked anything but tidy, but the return trip was to be made in the friendly dusk of evening. She looked at Mrs. Canby's happy face and wondered how much these breathing spells had to do with her sweet temper and serene ways.

"I'm going to give my little ones some picnics too," she whispered penitently, as she watched them with tears in her eyes. "I am sorry for them."

"You'll never regret it," whispered back Mrs. Canby. "These frequent outings have done more for my health and temper than all the medicines I ever took. I wish we could have them all the year round."

Keep or Give

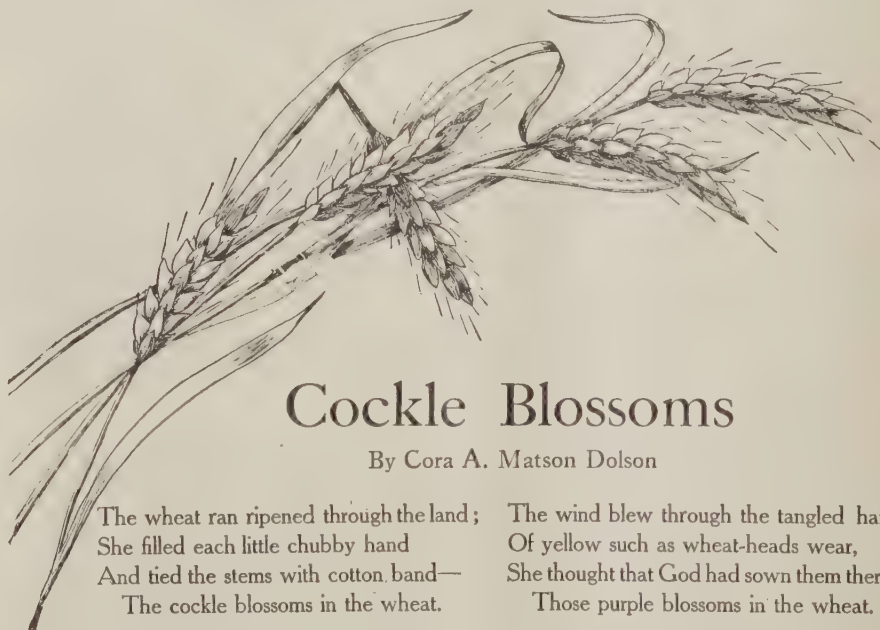
By Mattie W. Baker

"What beautiful flowers!" exclaimed the new preacher's wife, making her first call on Mrs. Lofty. The bay-window was full of blossoming plants, their fragrance filling the room.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lofty complacently, "my plants have blossomed all winter, and I enjoy the flowers so much that I never cut them till they begin to fade."

"A very good idea," replied Mrs. Preacher. Her next call was on Mrs. Lovely, and she too, had a window full of healthy looking plants, but quite bare of bloom.

"How thrifty your plants are!" remarked Mrs.



Cockle Blossoms

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

The wheat ran ripened through the land;
She filled each little chubby hand
And tied the stems with cotton band—
The cockle blossoms in the wheat.

The wind blew through the tangled hair
Of yellow such as wheat-heads wear,
She thought that God had sown them there
Those purple blossoms in the wheat.

How can I bear the purple blooms?
When once again the summer comes,
And loud and shrill the insect hums
O'er cockle growing in the wheat.

Of fever coursing through each vein
Those purple blossoms keep the stain,
They make my heart beat mad with pain,
Those cockle blossoms in the wheat.

save the trouble of getting pies and sauces ready.

Usually there are cookies, but the cooky jar in that home is seldom empty so these healthy cakes make little extra work. If they have the picnic near a farm house they buy milk to drink, but the lemon bottle goes to almost every picnic. The juice is squeezed out and mixed with sugar, so that lemonade is prepared by simply adding water. Nothing in the way of soft puddings or stewed fruits is ever taken, and there is no danger of upsetting the food into something else. Pies are unknown at the hasty picnics but nobody seems to mourn for them when fresh fruits, are abundant.

"What is the use of going to all that trouble?" asked a friend as she watched the children hurrying to get ready for an afternoon's pleasure. "My children have a nice yard to play in and I don't intend to wear myself out going to the woods no matter how much they tease."

"Come with us this afternoon and see if it pays," said wise Mrs. Canby, and sitting on the grass with a pillow at her back and a bit of sewing in her hands, the friend had to admit that it did pay.

The happy children played by the brook, gathered pebbles, sang their little songs, ate the good food and enjoyed every moment of the time thoroughly. They were like birds suddenly turned out from cages, and the mother felt her selfishness in resisting their pleadings so long. She looked at the simple lunch that had cost less than an hour's preparation and remembered how

Preacher," and I see they are full of buds, so you will have flowers soon."

"They have bloomed more or less all winter," replied Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Preacher next called on a sick child, and by his bedside stood a coarse pitcher full of great bunches of geraniums making a bright spot in the dingy room. "See what a great bouquet Mrs. Lovely sent me!" cried the boy. "Wasn't she good?"

By the cot of a poor woman dying of consumption stood a bunch of heliotrope blossoms, filling the room with sweetness.

"It has been so kind of Mrs. Lovely to bring me flowers, when I hardly knew her at all," said the sick woman feebly. "And she always brings fragrant flowers, because she knows I like them so much."

A laboring man lying helpless with a broken leg called Mrs. Preacher's attention to the roses on his stand.

"Mrs. Lovely has sent me roses every few days since I have laid here," he said, "and it's master kind of her to do it for a rough feller like me. I told her, the first ones she brought, that there was no flower I loved like roses, and, I vow! she must a stripped her bushes for me. Lots of folks has winders full of flowers for their own selves, but I've noticed you never see many flowers in Mrs. Lovely's winders."

Mrs. Preacher passed Mrs. Lofty's gay window on her way home, with hardly a glance, but the green window-full at Mrs. Lovely's appealed to her strongly, now that she knew why it was lacking in flowers.



It does not require a great deal of study or skill in the gardening art to keep the garden bright with flowers from April until June, or from September until frost, but it takes a deal of good honest work and considerable planning ahead to keep the "flower-shine" of those months aglow through July and August.

The perennial phloxes

are invaluable aids. I hope there is not a Vick reader who has not at least half a dozen fine clumps of these phloxes beginning to bloom now. I like to pinch out the tips of some of the shoots in June or July. This will make them bloom later and in smaller, more graceful heads after the large, earlier clusters have faded, thus keeping the clumps bright a longer time. Seeds of these phloxes germinate very readily for me if sown as soon as gathered.

Two other gay perennials are *Lychnis chalcedonica*, all ablaze with scarlet blossoms, and the swamp rose mallow, with great bowls of rich pink blossoms. Although a "common wild flower" in some sections, if given a rich soil and plenty of water there is no plant of the garden that elicits so many expressions of pleasure from our visitors.

The platycodons, too, are July and August flowers. Their cool blues and whites are refreshing to look at when the white clouds surge up blindingly over the horizon near the noon of an August day. I love to plant them where they will have a flickering screen of leafy shadows. It is a mistake to plant, for summer enjoyment, masses of white flowers where the sunshine will fall upon them at midday.

The dainty white borders of the sweet alyssums will begin to grow ragged and dull this month unless the growths are sheared back a little. This will bring on a new crop of frill-like white flowers that last until frost.

An exceedingly cheery and really elegant little annual that will bloom bravely in a dozen or more rich or delicate colors all summer, if its seed pods are cut away, water given and the soil stirred occasionally, is the Drummond phlox. But it forms seeds with great zeal and the plants will dry up in June unless they are removed. It has all the geranium colors, and similar flower-trusses, except that the phloxes are lighter and more graceful. It is one of the best plants to replace early spring flowering bulbs, pansies, etc.

Mignonette is something sweet that we like in quantity all the year and fortunately we can have it. It is as easy to grow as radishes and can be sown in relays, like them. Now, August 1st is a good time to make another sowing. This will last in bloom till November, for slight frosts do not injure it. If the weather is dry and there is no probability of the seeds germinating soon, lay a board over the row, but raised above it by stones here and there, to shade the ground. Almost all sorts of seeds will germinate well with this treatment. The board must be removed when the seedlings appear.

Vincas, nasturtiums and verbenas, which, like the portulaca, are little salamanders, are happy in the hot sun this month. I wish there were more vincas

growing in my neighbors' gardens. Through hottest sunshine and drouth they are sturdy, fresh masses, a foot or more high, and will be studded thickly with pretty pink and white blossoms until frost. They are as easy to grow as their trailing cousins and quite as useful in their way.

We have sweet peas still in bloom on the north side of the house. None of the newer varieties is so constant in bloom for us as pretty pink and white *Bianche Ferry*. Last year this lady began to bloom in April, climbed like a tomboy to nearly the top of the first story windows, and still showed a sprinkling of rosy blossoms when the first frosts came in October. But our peas that grew in full sunshine succumbed to the heat in June.

Petunias are gay and bright longer than any other annuals that we grow. The double sorts are more delicate than the singles and we sow them separately.

The double pure white petunias and an exquisite shade of flesh pink that doubles its petals delicately, like a rose, make such pretty window garden plants that we usually pot them. Among the single sorts there are beautiful deep velvety flowers of vivid colors that are as easy to grow as the flimsy old magentas and purples. As with pansies it pays to be particular about strains of petunias.

The salvias and lobelias are at their brightest and will be until frost. Many mistaken people hurry their asters into bloom at this time, but the finest flowers are usually from plants grown slower, that begin to open buds the first cool nights in September.

Gладиoli, tuberoses, cannas, montbretias, tritomas, galtonias and dahlias are other brilliant plants that contribute much to the beauty of the flower garden this month, though we prefer to have dahlias, as well as asters, keep their stately flowers for fall. Do not let the ragged canna seed pods stay on to mar the plants' beauty and sap their strength. Among shrubs, the hardy plumed hydrangea is most in evidence now. Specimens that have been pruned back to mere stubs every year have shoots that fairly reel with the weight of their great flower heads. Those that have been allowed to assume a tree shape have smaller flower-trusses and give much the same effect as the snowballs do in spring. *Caryopteris mastacanthus* has blue, verbenalike flowers topping all its branches, and *Spiraea Anthony Waterer* has similar clusters of rosy crimson. A charming peculiarity of this shrub is the occasional new growth of cream-colored sprays of leaves, pink tinted and pretty as flowers.

Last and loveliest are the lilies. "Who loves a garden" and would keep it pleasurable all the year must study this family well. The August representatives are among the best of the genus. The auratum, crimson and goldbanded, and the speciosums, with many glittering flecks, and fringes of white, pink and crimson are my favorites. It is a good time now to study the lily collections in parks, in your friends' gardens, or in nursery collections, for this month is the best time to send in your own orders for bulbs to be planted this fall. I like to plant the rarer lilies in well-drained, deep pots and tubs. They are thus safe or removal,

that their bloom this winter may be more plentiful.

Good mulches around the roots of specimen bushes will help to keep the roots cool and moist and take the place of cultivation.

Pansies make a good early soil cover for rose beds, but their beauty usually ends with June or July. Portulaca, with an edge of sweet alyssum, can be persuaded to take their place more quickly than anything else. Verbenas also love the sun, like roses, and do not root so deeply as to injure the rose roots. Late this month begins the second bloom of the teas and hybrid teas, lasting until



ble from untoward weather conditions, and beyond the reach of mice or moles. Then in winter I can keep them, with soil just slightly moist, in cold frame or cellar, taking them out when frosts are over. They are thus easily grouped with any other plants, or along the garden walk when in bloom.

The funkias, or daylilies, blue and white, also bloom in August. *F. subcordata*, with broad, parallel-veined green leaves, and pure white fragrant flower clusters that open in the evening, is one of the finest plants we have.

The August Calendar of Reminders

The Roses

Plants that are grown for winter bloom should be pinched back into shapely bushes and their buds removed until Oct-

ober. If the season is dry soak the soil around the rose roots every other evening, and after watering them with clear water, give liquid fertilizers about once a week. You will be surprised to see how the latter will increase the size and beauty of the buds.

Chrysanthemums

A rapidly growing chrysanthemum needs water in generous quantities at this season. Plants that are allowed to droop for lack of water do not make fine flowers. The stopping and tying gives place to disbudding this month. Plants that have been grown to one stem for one large flower should have all except one large, perfect bud carefully removed. The majority of gardeners will prefer the bushy, well balanced plants with six or eight branches, each bearing a fine flower. If aphides are troublesome syringe the plants with tobacco water. Potbound chrysanthemums are very unhappy this warm weather, and are apt to crowd up new shoots from the root which takes the sap from the stem that is perfecting flowers. Shift the plants carefully into larger pots as they are needed.

It is Time Now

To sow seeds of pansies and English daisies for early spring bloom.

To sow primroses, calceolarias and cinerarias for winter bloom.

To sow seeds of perennials that have just ripened, Alpine and other rock loving plants. If these are protected in the outdoor beds, or wintered in cold frames, they can be set out in permanent positions and will bloom next year.

To take cuttings of heliotropes and geraniums for window garden bloom. To plant Bermuda lily bulbs for early flowers. Perhaps you can get them to bloom by Christmas. We sometimes do.

To plant freesias and bulbs of *Lilium candidum*, the sweet old June garden, or Madonna lily. Sometime this month its bulbs will begin to grow, and should always be planted before the leaves start.

To transplant evergreens, "Queer" you say, "in such a hot dry month?" Yes, but it's a new wrinkle that works well. Experiment, if you like, with some one that is not an especial favorite, but that you would prefer to have grow elsewhere.

(Continued on page 17)





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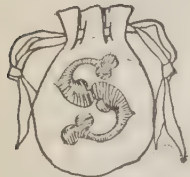
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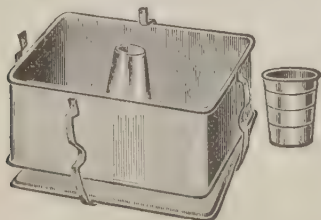
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Pattern No. 6482

A Popular Shirt Waist Model

There are always a certain few designs which win for themselves widespread favor because of their practical attractiveness. Here is sketched one of the most popular models and one universally liked by those who have used it. The narrow tucks on the shoulders—or gathers if preferred—are just right for a modish fulness and excellent set while the yoke which points down a bit in the center of the back extends over the shoulders far enough to suggest shoulder straps and hence breadth of line. The sleeve is the real shirt sleeve with the narrow cuff fastened with links. This is the sleeve par excellence among the new shirt blouse models. Any reasonable material may serve for the waist which is well adapted to tubing. In the medium size $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 6482 is cut in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



Pattern No. 4037

A One-Piece Dress With a Guimpe

In this day of simplicity in frocks for the little folks, the one-piece dress is a great favorite. A dress of this kind is shown, belted in below the waist and completed by a guimpe. It may be opened in back or slipped on over the head. The only seams are those under the arms, the shoulder being cut on a fold so that the front and back are in one piece. This means little labor and a very practical little frock. The guimpe may be made of any thin washable fabric and match the slip or not. The edges of the latter may be finished with a narrow embroidery or washable braid. For the medium size the dress requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. No. 4037 is cut in sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

A Dainty Summer Frock

The most beautiful gowns this year seem to be built on very simple lines and made individual and exquisite by the manner in which they are trimmed. The idea is especially practical for the young girl and a suggestion from one of the new modes is given here. Nothing could be prettier than the simple round waist with a deep round yoke. The latter is tucked and in one-piece and prettily inset with lace insertion. The three-piece skirt is gathered about the top as far as the front gore which is made to resemble a panel by the arrangement of the trimming. For any material, thin or thick, the design would prove pleasing. In the medium size the pattern calls for $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Nos. 4038 and 4039 are each cut in sizes 12 to 16 years.



Patterns No. 4038-4039

A Simple Morning Gown

Every woman needs a simple morning gown to slip on for breakfast with His Lordship or when she enjoys her "forty winks" in the afternoon, and the very nature of the garment demands that it be unpretentious. Many women think that they cannot afford a gown of this kind because it must needs be expensive. On the contrary, as little may be expended as one wishes and a simple albatross, challis, lawn or dimity may develop as pretty a gown as one could wish for. The model shown is of pale blue lawn with scallops of English embroidery as trimming. The round yoke is a becoming feature and the neck may be finished with or without the collar. One or two deep flounces on the bottom may be an addition to a tub gown or stitched folds for a warmer one. The saucy ribbon bows in the sketch are very pleasing. The gown is well adapted to home construction. In the medium size $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 6417 is cut in sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Pattern No. 6417



Pattern No. 6711

A Box Coat in Linen

Some very smart box coats are made in linen and Rajah to be worn with thin frocks and a suggestion for such a coat which may be made at home is shown here. The fronts and backs hang straight from the shoulders with a bit of shaping on the underarm seam. The inner front vest may offer field for contrast in material or color if desired while the buttons and loops as shown are a pleasing trimming. The trimming straps which are adorned with three large buttons may be omitted if one wishes a less ornate coat. The center back is laid in an inverted box pleat which is left open below the waistline to provide extra fulness. Linen, silk, covert or broadcloth may fashion the coat. For the medium size, 2 yards of 64-inch goods are needed. No. 6711 is cut in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



Patterns No. 6398-6395

French Corset Cover and Drawers

So many women appreciate the daintiness of the Parisian made underwear and envy those who have long enough purse strings to possess it. Yet if one does not wish to embroider her underwear herself, much of the daintiness can be obtained by the use of the openwork embroidery obtainable at a reasonable price in the shops. The corset cover and drawers shown are much liked by particular women and easily made at home. The former is shaped by tiny tucks at the waist line which prevent any bunchy gathers while the petium holds the garment in place at the waist. The drawers are of the popular "garter" order, being shaped up on the sides. They are circular in cut and hang very gracefully. The material may be nainsook or lawn and the trimming embroidery or lace. In the medium size the corset cover demands $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards, and the drawers 2 yards of 36-inch material. No. 6398 is cut in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, and No. 6395 in sizes, 20 to 34 inches waist.



Pattern No. 6413

A Novel Dressing Sack

There is a certain air of uniqueness about the dressing sack sketched here that will appeal to the woman who likes things "different." The broad collar is its only elaboration and the sharp decisive lines of this give a dash to the whole. For simplicity of construction it would be hard to find its equal and this will appeal to the busy woman quite as much as the style of the garment. With but one or two buttons to be fastened, it can be quickly donned at the hurried call to breakfast. In materials it is suitable to silk, pongee, challis or a washable fabric. The edges of collar and sleeves may be adorned with French knots, polka-dotted or pleated ribbon. 3 yards of 36-inch material are needed for the medium size. No. 6413 is cut in sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Pattern No. 4742

A Pretty Wrapper for a Girl

One of the most comfortable garments of a girl's wardrobe is the wrapper which is not only dainty and comfortable for morning wear, but is so restful to slip on while finishing some studies or a little sewing in the afternoon, or between the "dress-up" hours. The model shown is all that one could wish for—smart in design, yet having an air of comfort in its very looks. The wrapper is fastened over a vest-like front by two straps. The back may be worn loose or strapped down. A prettily shaped collar gives a neat finish to the neck and shoulders. A pleasing reproduction would be of a polka dot challis, using white for the front and lace for collar and sleeves. The selection of material is only a matter of taste as the design is good for all kinds of material. For the medium size the pattern calls for 5½ yards of 36-inch material. No. 4742 is cut in sizes, 12 to 16 years.

A Girl's Chemise

During the present vogue for the styles of the Empire, feminine lingerie does not escape and some very pretty effects are realized in the Empire chemise. The model is one designed for a girl and very much liked. It is gathered at the neck and finished with ribbon-run beading and lace. The Empire effect is created by the row of beading extending around just below the bust and if desired this may be omitted and the gown hang free from the neck. Where economy is to be considered the chemise is excellent because it serves for both corset cover and short skirt. In the construction one may use lawn, cambric, nainsook, longcloth or dimity. The trimming may be simple or elaborate as desired. For the medium size, 2½ yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 4734 is cut in sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.



Pattern No. 4734

A Modish Street Gown

Few women realize how great a part lines play in the becomingness and style of a gown. But there is art in everything beautiful and it cannot be overlooked in the creation of feminine apparel any more than in the arrangement of the hair. The tendency of the day is toward straight and slender effects and the gown which gives lengthening lines is a great aid to this result. The gown sketched here is one of the very charming new models. It is developed in the beautiful Vigoureux with chemisette and deep cuffs of embroidered and tucked Swiss. Small buttons in Persian colorings fasten the points and serve as a modish trimming. The skirt is one of the new circular models and not difficult to construct. Cashmere, taffetas, chiffon, broadcloth, or one of the fashionable raw silks might fashion this gown. For the medium size 8½ yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 6471 is cut in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; and No. 6472 in sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist measure.



Patterns No. 6471-6472

A Novel Apron

The small girl likes variation in her aprons as well as in her frocks and a design is sketched here which will please the little one as well as her mother. A fanciful facing, suggesting a yoke appears in front while a square yoke and full skirt part form the back. A broad sash fastened at the underarm seams affords a becoming finish and fastening at the back. This little apron is excellent for school wear and is becoming as well as serviceable. Lawn, nainsook, batiste and longcloth are all suitable materials and serviceable. In the medium size the pattern calls for 3 yards of 36-inch material. No. 4735 is cut in sizes, 4 to 12 years.

A Pretty Russian Suit

The best styles for boy's suits are the sailor and Russian models and here is one which combines the two in a very pleasing manner. With the help of this pattern and the directions which come with it any mother, no matter how inexperienced a sewer, can

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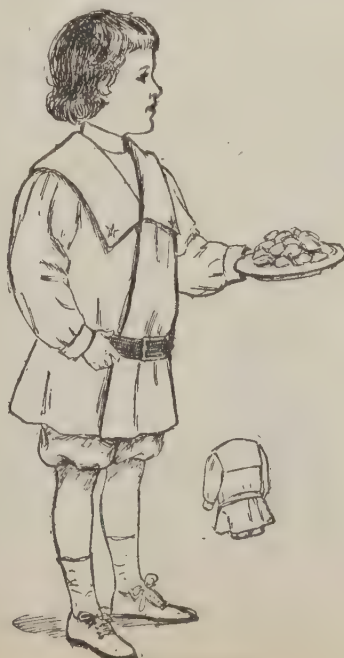
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Pattern No. 4735

easily fashion it. The suit consists of a blouse with removable chemisette and knickerbockers. Butcher's linen is excellent as is also crash for suit of this kind, and a pleasing contrast may be offered by belt and embroidered stars of another color. The closing of the blouse, slanting off to the side, is very smart and effective. For the medium size 2¾ yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 4732 is cut in sizes 2 to 6 years.



Pattern No. 4732

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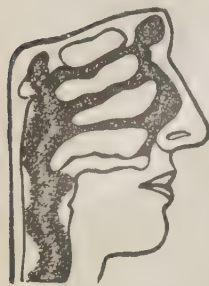
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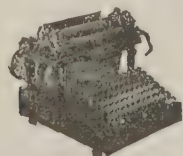
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Cool Negligees and Practical Aprons

By Martha Dean

AUGUST is the time when the majority take their summer holiday and it is also the month when thin clothes are most appreciated. Any fresh suggestions in comfortable garments are always welcome to the progressive home sewer and the accompanying sketches may prove of value.

Two attractive toilets for the boudoir or rest hour are shown. The dressing sack, 6419, is one which may be of dotted swiss, lawn or a Japanese silk. The edges may be hemmed or bound with a washable ribbon, while ribbons fasten the front. The sack is quite unique in cut and very easily made. The sleeves and yoke are in one piece and the remaining portion



No. 6419-6457

in the medium size the sack demands 3 yards of 36-inch material and the skirt 8 yards. The sack, 6419 comes in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure and the petticoat 6457 in sizes from 20 to 30 inches waist.

There is no form of negligee which has won its way so deeply into womankind's affections as the kimono. It offers rest in its very freedom from restraint while the graceful folds and draperies seem to heighten ease and shed a soothing atmosphere about the wearer. Nothing has been created which is so easily donned as the kimono and this is a great factor in the success of any garment. The kimono shown differs somewhat from the usual garment in its tucks which give a trim and becoming finish to the back and provide extra fullness for the front. The Japanese materials are great favorites for kimonos as their artistic weaves and colorings seem to harmonize with the grace of the Japanese garment. Any soft silks, worsteds or washable fabrics may be used. In the medium size the pattern, 6470, calls for 7 yards of 36-inch material, the sizes being 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

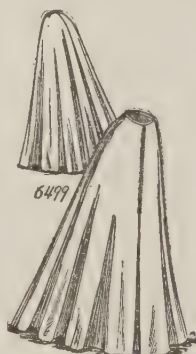
By the time August reaches us it often happens that waists are giving out and one or two new ones are needed to finish out the summer. An attractive blouse in tucked pongee—which also might be carried out in lawn or wash silk—is shown in 6458. Here the tucks and trimming bands create the whole effect, the latter being terminated in front and on the sleeve with pretty buttons and buttonholes. Such a blouse might serve for quite a variety of occasions and would always prove neat and smart. For the medium size 2½ yards of 36-inch goods are needed for the waist which comes in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



No. 6458

Now that the circular skirt has taken so firm a hold upon the feminine fancy, the designer is working out designs which will be most attractive. 6499 shows

a circular skirt which has inverted box pleats in front and back and it is a very popular model. The skirt fits well about the hips and flares gracefully below. A fold of material, braid or stitching may finish the bottom of the skirt and the pattern may be developed in any seasonable material of which 4¾ yards 36 inches wide are needed for the medium size. 6499 comes in sizes 20 to 30 inches waist measure.



No. 6499

Dainty lingerie is perhaps more appreciated in the warm months than at any other time and it is ever a coveted possession with woman or girl. A very charming chemise in which cambric, one handkerchief, insertion and edging and ribbon-run beading were used is shown in 6387. The shaping is given by the shoulder and underarm seams and the fullness regulated by gathers at the neck edge. If desired the long or short-waisted effect may be added by a row of ribbon-run beading. A dainty finish is given the neck by the use of a handkerchief which is cut on the bias and takes the place of the "extender ruffle" over the bust. If the bottom of the chemise is finished with a ruffle it may fill every requirement of the short skirt and corset cover and occupy much less space about waist. In the medium size the pattern, 6387, calls for 3¾ yards of material 36 inches wide, and may be obtained in sizes 30 to 46 inches bust measure.

But the little folks enjoy the summer holiday quite as much as anyone and we cannot forget their comfort during the warm days. Rompers are perhaps the most practical discovery of Mistress Fashion in the realm of juvenile garments and every mother appreciates this fact if she has little folks to be kept presentable during the play hour. Some practical rompers are shown in 4794 which are equally suitable for the boy or girl, and may be worn with or without the frock underneath. These are of unusually good design having a square yoke and flat turnover collar. The full blouse is gathered to the yoke and waistband and plenty of room is allowed in the full bloomers for the wearers frock and the twisting and turning of the active child. The bloomers part opens on the side and the blouse in back. Only 2½ yards of 36-inch material are needed to make the garment of the medium size, the pattern coming in sizes 2 to 6 years.



No. 4794

Beside the jumpers there are aprons needed for girls a bit older and an attractive suggestion is given in 4723. Every mother knows that small aprons are easily made and have been used to ward off soil since time began. In the design shown, the front and back are adorned with box pleats and the shaping is given by the underarm seams. Lawn, dimity, nainsook, Holland or gingham may be used and it may be as little or as much trim-

med as desired. For the medium size, 3½ yards of material are needed to develop the pattern which comes in sizes 4 to 10 years. There is no more attractive stage in the development of a child than when he is learning to creep about and strengthen little by little the small limbs which are given him for that purpose. Every child must have his days of rolling about on the floor, pushing too and fro by means of hands and knees and consequently wearing out every sort of garment put upon him. For this purpose the creeping apron here shown in 4788 is invaluable and every beginner in life should have one. It may be made of gingham or crash and buttons closely down the back so that no dress nor underwear need become soiled during the progress over the floor. Three yards of 36-inch material are needed for its construction, the pattern coming in one size.



No. 4723

Some of the newer dresses of lawn and mull fashioned for little maids are very quaint in effect and none is more so than the so-called "Empire" gown. A pretty example of this is shown in 4771 where ribbon-run beading and Valenciennes form the collar, cuffs and Empire waistband. Pairs of tiny tucks suggest a yoke in front and back and provide a pretty fullness for the blouse and skirt. The latter may be adorned with a group of small tucks or a few rows of insertion or it may be left plain and still be pretty. The medium size calls for 2½ yards of 36-inch material, the sizes being 1 to 6 years.



No. 4771

be pretty. The medium size calls for 2½ yards of 36-inch material, the sizes being 1 to 6 years.

How to Wash Blankets

Nothing is ruined so quickly by careless handling as a woolen blanket. Before washing shake them thoroughly free of dust and remove the worst spots with benzine or gasoline before putting them in the water. Keep plenty of hot water ready and wash one blanket at a time for the quicker they are washed and dried the better. Heat a boilerful of soft water almost to the boiling point and dissolve in it enough of some good washing powder to make a good suds. If you have a good washing machine,—preferably a boxed one, you will find it a great help. Fill it half full of the hot suds, put in a blanket and stir it about until it is wet through, then close the machine and let the blanket soak five minutes. Work the machine vigorously five or ten minutes, put on the wringer and pass the blankets lengthwise through it. Empty and refill the machine with suds prepared as at first. When washed in this water pass blanket through the wringer into a tub containing clear hot water and rinse it thoroughly. If one rinsing is not enough to remove every trace of suds, use a sufficient number to do so. Every water used should be of the same temperature, for sudden changes will make a blanket shrink. Hang upon a strong line where a good breeze will strike it, and pull or stretch it in shape. Allow it to remain until thoroughly dry, then fold smoothly and leave under a heavy weight a day or two.—E. J. C.

Midsummer Home Gardening

(Continued from page 13)

Dig it up carefully, preserving as many of its roots as you can keep inside a neat, compact ball of earth. Have its new home all ready before the digging begins. Set the ball of earth intact in its new home, with no delay, tamp some fresh, rich earth in tightly all around it, water and mulch well through dry weather until fall, and see if the experiment is not a success.

To keep busy watering and weeding whenever the thermometer graciously allows it.

To order bulbs for planting next month. The earliest orders secure the best stock.

Floral News and Notes

The London Rage for Roses

The season's fashionable rage for roses for dress and table decorations in London eclipses any fad that has prevailed for many years. Separate petals as well as complete blossoms are used. Dinner tables are sprinkled with petals, which are sometimes dusted with silver powder. At a forthcoming society wedding the bride's train of white tulle will be sprinkled with white velvet petals, in each of which a small brilliant will be fixed to represent a dewdrop. The brides-maids' dresses will be similarly

from the green of the rubber plants, bay trees, palms and climbing ivy, there peeped the scarlet of geraniums. The vinca vine and the croton plant are also in evidence. From the street the effect is a heavy border of foliage, dotted with color, extending for nearly an entire city block, breaking the glitter of the street. As pedestrians pass they pause to look at the hanging garden which gives to the building an air of clean coolness. It will be kept up during the entire summer and during the hot sunny months will always be fresh and green and interspersed with flowers of the season.

A New French Fad

French water baskets are a novelty with an up-to-date florist. They are woven of fine straw in dainty shapes and all colors and are fitted inside with a glass vase conforming to the straw covering and holding it upright. The baskets are a welcome change from the vase or jardiniere, and some of the color combinations possible with the new arrangement are exquisite.

Flowers for Those Who Died at Sea

Following the custom of many years, a little boat laden with flowers and decorated with the flag was set adrift May 30, on the Potomac at Washington, D. C.,

sturdy enough to grow even without much encouragement, these boxes are to be distributed among the denizens of the city's crowded tenements. This charming enterprise is conducted by the Flower Guild. Guild visitors, calling wherever boxes have been given, explain how flowers should be tended.

Facts related by some of last year's visitors speak more convincingly than mere statistics can of the barrenness of many lives. One woman who received a box was afraid to water it lest the water injure the flowers and spoil the box. Other recipients were reluctant to pick off faded, yellow leaves.

"How do I know," asked one, "that these, being of such a color, are not really flowers?"

One poor soul hesitated about taking a box, fearing that if the flowers should die she might die, too. Reluctantly accepting one, she was one day filled with terror to find that neighbors, living above, had been throwing their coffee-grounds on the plants. But brotherly love, it appears exists even in the tenements. Her neighbors promptly stopped their practice when they were told that it might cause the woman's death.

The boxes distributed last year were fully appreciated. In several cases it was the man of the family who cared for the flowers. One man was inspired to add a soap-box in a second window, and plant peas. The flowers were used by many to deck graves of loved ones. One poor woman carried her heavy box to her child's grave.

Prizes are awarded for the boxes that show best care. Last year the three prizes awarded went to a little colored girl, to a confirmed invalid, and to a small Italian cripple.

School Gardens at the Department of Agriculture

The plot of ground set aside by Secretary Wilson for the use of the school children of the national capital is several acres in extent, and divided among the schools, who, in turn, divide it among their pupils. The boys and girls, under instructions from the employees of the Department, do the work in the gardens.

The ground is tastily laid off in beds bordered with verbenas, salvia, nasturtiums and other flowering annuals. There is scarcely a vegetable to be named that is not found in the beds, in small quantity, of course, but there is enough of many sorts to show the skill attained by the small gardeners.

"No western ranchman," writes a visitor to the gardens, "could be more interested in the products of his broad acres than are these little boys in their gardens. At the time of my visit wet weather had caused a prolific growth of weeds, but there were none in these little plots, and taking into consideration the fact that the soil is not the best for gardening purposes, every thing was in a flourishing condition."

Child Gardening at Jamestown Exposition Grounds

One hundred of the school children of Norfolk, Newport News and Portsmouth, Va., have planted little gardens on the grounds of the Jamestown Exposition, under the direction of Warren H. Manning, landscape designer of the Exposition.

Each garden plot is four by eight feet, planted with vegetables of different kinds, and edged with borders of gay flowers, one plot to each child.

The children take an intense and patriotic interest in their little gardens, which are said to be flourishing finely and to do them great credit, so far. To teachers visiting exposition they will be quite an interesting feature.

Flowers for King Alfonso's Wedding

One of the most spectacular features of the Spanish King's wedding was the display of flowers. Florists from the Canary Islands were summoned to lay a floral carpet on the streets of Madrid for the wedding procession. Twelve hundred tons of flowers were ordered to decorate the Plaza de Toros alone. The entire floral product of Seville, Murcia, Granada, Valencia and Aranjuez, between May 30th and June 6th, was sent to Madrid. The cost, it is said, was largely subscribed by the public.

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sprinkled, one with pink, another with crimson, another with yellow petals. Bouquets all will be of choice roses.

Crimson Rambler roses were quite conspicuous among the decorations at the dinner given the Longwoods by Ambassador and Mrs. Reid at their London residence, June 12, at which King Edward was a guest.

Empire day in England, May 24, instituted to commemorate the reign of the late Queen Victoria, continues to be more generally celebrated year by year. Every loyal subject is expected to wear roses on that day. Millions were disposed of by Covent Garden salesmen and for three days market men and packers were at it early and late executing orders. The varieties most in demand were Liberty, General Jacqueminot and Mrs. John Laing, and prices advanced twenty to twenty-five per cent. In the midlands and north the demand was very heavy and all available blooms were disposed of early in the day. The majority of the flowers were grown in Middlesex.

Gardens in Shop Windows

Forming a long, cool, green line in the yellow glare of Market street, the window gardens of the Strawbridge & Clothier Philadelphia store, installed by that firm recently, afford as pretty a sight as has been seen for years on the busy thoroughfare. Every window on the second floor has its garden hanging from the sill, and

in memory of those who have died at sea in the service of their country.

It was launched just as the tide turned so that the ebb might bear it out to sea, and a placard made this petition to all who might meet in its voyage down the Potomac:

"If any person finds this little boat stuck anywhere, will they please let it loose on its mission to the sea?"

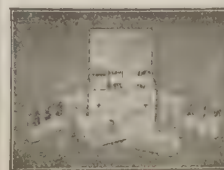
A second card said: "A tribute to the soldiers and sailors who sleep beneath the waters."

Just before its launching a carriage from the White House brought to the Seventh street wharf a box of roses from the President with the request that they be included in the cargo.

Window Boxes for New York Tenements

Unfortunates from the cool, green country who are forced to spend their summers in New York, are unspeakably grateful for the little squares of greenery that yearly grow more frequent at intersections of the city's streets, for every scrap of a beautiful private garden that is left open to the public gaze, and even for the window boxes which last summer were well nigh a craze in New York.

This year, says The Youth's Companion, five hundred window-boxes, of proper size to fit the average tenement-house window, are being manufactured for use. Equipped with the required screws and wires and filled with plants



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The Question Box

In this department questions on topics of general interest will be answered. Those requesting an answer in any particular number of the magazine should be sent in a month before the date. Correspondents will please observe these general rules: Write queries on a separate sheet from any other matter that your letter may contain. Write your name, town and state plainly on the same sheet; they will not be published. If you wish an immediate personal answer enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. In reporting a failure with any plant, detail the treatment given it.

Rose Troubles

Nearly all my roses have blighted this year. The buds begin to open and then turn brown and dry up. Is too much water bad for roses? Please give cause and remedy.—M. F., Wash.

The cause of the trouble could hardly be given unless previous treatment and conditions had been stated. Several answers to queries about rose troubles were given last month, which see. "Too much" water is possible and bad for all plants except aquatics. A rose growing vigorously is grateful for an abundance of it, but should have good drainage; for a dormant rose, with poor root drainage, the soil is easily soured with too much water. Any disease that affects the leaves of your roses would also affect the blossoms. There have been many complaints about mildew this year. On a badly mildewed bush the leaves are thickly powdered with a grayish substance and gradually curl up. The best remedy is sulphur dusted on the leaves when wet. A good preventive for fungous diseases among shrubs and roses is to use for them the same spraying mixtures that are used for the orchards in spring: Bordeaux mixture, carbonate of copper, etc., the formulae for which Mr. Morse and others have often given in these pages. If the arrangement of the buds is such that the ordinary apparatus cannot be used, the knapsack sprayers are inexpensive; or the housewife may appropriate for herself enough of the mixture in an old bucket, if she has only a few shrubs and roses, and spray them with a whisk or an ordinary broom. For small, delicate bushes the mixtures should be weakened and applied oftener.

Palms, Ferns, Roses, Lillies and Cinnamon Vine

1. Please give directions for planting and caring for Latania Borbonica, Boston Fern, New Lace Fern.
2. Does the Cinnamon vine start from the root each year, or put forth leaves from last year's stem? Will it stand a temperature of thirty degrees below zero without protection? If not, how shall I protect it?
3. Please name about a dozen plants that will grow well in a west window where only the afternoon sun reaches them.
4. In planting roses to climb about porches how far apart should the bushes be set? If white and red roses are planted so that their branches intertwine will the flowers be variegated? What sort of trellis is best for roses?
5. Are Chinese lily bulbs of any use after blooming? What shall I do with Scarlet Mexican lilies after blooming?—I. G., N. Dak.

1. Palms of the size usually mailed by florists should be planted in five or six-inch pots having good drainage and a compost of leaf-mold or rotted barks, mixed with about one-fourth its bulk of well-decayed old manure and sand. Fill in several inches of the soil and spread the palm roots upon it, then pack in the rest of the soil quite firmly,—this last is important in potting all palms. Leave about an inch of the pot's depth above the crown of the plant and soil surface, so that it can be watered easily. Give the little palm a good watering when planted and set it in a shaded place until its roots become well established, giving water whenever the soil in the pot begins to look dryish. As it grows, any repotting necessary should be done preferably during the spring and summer months, as most palms have little root action between November first and March first. In repotting give the palm each time a pot only one or two sizes larger than its last one, and always tamp the soil down firmly over its roots. Give it a position shaded at least from the afternoon sun through summer. Syringing with clear water will keep away most of the insects that trouble the palm; the scale must be removed with a stiff brush and a mixture of fir-tree oil and water or the suds from whale-oil soap. When watering palms give enough to run through the pots into the saucers, so as to be sure that the roots are all well supplied, but do not allow water to stand in the saucers for any length of time as it would injure the roots.

The Boston fern is one of the easiest of all house plants to grow, as well as one

of the prettiest and most useful. Pot about as recommended above for Latania, but less firmly and use more of leaf-mold and sand, with less of manure in the soil. Water well and give a shaded position. Both palm and fern are good plants for the north window. The fern's appearance suggests that it might be almost hardy, but it is really tenderer than a geranium. Remove from the porch or garden as cool nights approach. Can you give me the botanical name of the "New Lace fern" about which you inquire? I find that florists have given this name to quite different plants.

2. The cinnamon vine starts from the roots each year and would be easily protected in your climate by a heavy mulch or manure or leaves. With age, the roots grow quite large and penetrate deeply, but young roots would certainly need protection in your climate.

3. Geraniums, Impatiens Sultanii, abutilons, tradescantia, nasturtiums, othonna, double petunias, cacti, salvias, libonias, and a good many of the pot shrubs.

4. The distance apart for setting roses depends greatly upon the varieties and their habit. Roses that are intended to cover porches are expected to make a great growth and should not be planted nearer than two feet apart. The Ramblers, Multiflora and Prairie roses will need more room. Wire netting, a lattice-work of wood, or something similar, is a good trellis. Strong rose shoots often hold themselves upright until they reach projections of the building, porch pillars, etc., to which they can be tied. No; roses will not "variegate" in the way you suggest.

5. Chinese lily bulbs that have been forced in pots or bowls of water will be of no further use for house culture. In warm climates, where this narcissus is hardy, it will sometimes recuperate and form good young bulbs if planted outdoors in rich soil. Dry off the Mexican lilies gradually as you do your calla and amaryllis; keep them dry for a few months' rest and then, when they show fresh leaf points, give them water and a top-dressing of rich soil. These lilies also make fine bulbs if planted out in sunny garden beds in summer, but in all except warm climates they must be housed in winter.

Oxalis, Palms, Carnations, Geraniums.

Roses, Asparagus, Begonias, Violets

1. My Oxalis Orthoceras was killed by a little louse. It spread out flat and had eight or ten legs. What was it?
2. Please give instructions for the care of palms I set outdoors in the pot and it dried up the leaves.
3. How are cuttings of roses and carnations rooted? Will rose cuttings take root in a living room? Is sand better than earth for them?
4. Should geraniums be started in sand alone? I have known success to follow the use of soil.
5. I have several plants of Asparagus Sprengeri. Will they grow well if I should plant them together in a large pot?
6. Please give instructions for the culture of rex begonias. Is it difficult to grow them from seed?
7. Please tell me how to prepare a coldframe for violets. Would lilies-of-the-valley grow better in a frame with the violets than outside?—Mrs. F. P. H., Col.

1. An aphid or plant louse, of some sort; perhaps a mealy bug. Syringe or wash plants thus infested with weak tobacco water.

2. Specific directions for growing palms are given above. You probably gave yours too little water. After a winter spent in the house they should be gradually inured to outdoor conditions. Partial shade is best for them in summer.

3. Fill a box or pot with coarse sand, make two or three inch cuttings of the young growth, where it is brittle enough to snap when bent, strip off all the leaves except one at the top, and insert the cuttings slantingly in the sand, covering them, except for an inch or two at the top, and firming the soil well around them. Wet the sand and keep it so until the tips of the cuttings start growth,—a pretty sure sign that they have formed roots. In summer time I usually

keep my cutting box in a semi-shaded place. Some women insert rose cuttings in the soil where they wish them to grow and invert broken tumblers over them, claiming that they have good success in this way. Those who are unsuccessful with cuttings treated in the usual way might try layering. This consists in bending down branches until they reach the earth, making cuts in the branches at this point, pegging down the stems to position, and covering them with soil or sand, which should be kept moist over the layered branches. Roots will form where the incisions were made and then the branches can be severed and treated as individual plants. Rose cuttings can easily be rooted in a living-room in winter. In summer it would be preferable to set the cutting boxes in yard, garden, or on some porch or balcony. Cuttings are frequently rooted in ordinary soil, but sand is the quickest and surest.

4. Geraniums root even more quickly than roses. Sand is preferable.

5. Undoubtedly. Shift into larger pots as the roots fill the soil.

6. In the young seedling stage Rex begonias require a warmer, moister, more equable temperature than the average amateur can give them, therefore they are usually propagated from leaf-cuttings. A number of vigorous little plants will form upon the cut veins of a single leaf if it is pegged down upon a moist surface in a shaded spot. A light, porous soil formed of garden loam, woods earth, sharp sand and well-decayed cow-manure is best for them. They enjoy a moist atmosphere and must be shaded from hot sunshine. They do not require more water at the root than most other begonias, and, after showing, sunlight should not be allowed to fall directly on the leaves, or it will blister and blacken them. The moist atmosphere which they love is most easily maintained by keeping a few inches of water in the jardiniere that have been allotted to them. A half-brick, or something that will raise the begonia pot just a few inches above the surface of the water, can be placed on the bottom of the jardiniere and the plant pot set on this. If the bottom of the pot touches the surface of the water it will sour the soil in which the roots grow and cause them to decay.

7. A cold frame for violets is made just like all other cold frames, by selecting a spot where the sun shines warm in winter, constructing a snug frame of strong, thick boards, about five feet ten inches wide, of any desired length, from twelve to fifteen inches high in front, and eighteen to twenty inches high in the back. The best location is a piece of ground sloping to the south, with a windbreak of some kind to the north and northwest to protect the frame from bitter winter storms. Lilies-of-the-valley would bloom earlier in such a frame, but the finest flowers I ever saw were grown in the natural way outdoors. They love a rich, moist, semi-shaded spot.

Deutzia

The shrub, of which I enclose a bloom spray, bore very few flowers this year, but is now making long, whip-like growths. What treatment shall I give it to insure more blossoms next year.—Mrs. B. M., Ind.

The shrub is Deutzia crenata. Shorten back the growth a little, stir the soil about the roots occasionally, mulch with manure this fall.

Magnolias, Rhododendrons, Azaleas

1. Would Magnolia Soulangiana be hardy here in Northwestern Ohio?
2. What soil and treatment do rhododendrons require? Do they need much water and will they bloom year after year here?
3. Please give treatment for Azalea Indica and Amollis. Is the latter hardy enough to stand our winters, and what soil suits it best?—M. A. H., O.

1. Undoubtedly. It is one of the hardiest of its race.

2. Rhododendrons like a somewhat shaded, sheltered place, where they will

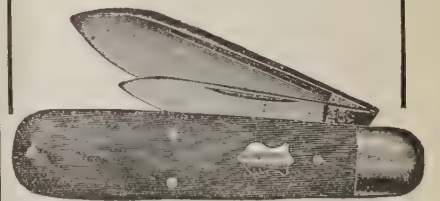
(Continued on next page)

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not receive bright sunlight in winter and be subject to continual freezing and thawing. A deep, well-drained soil containing considerable leaf mold, or humus, suits them best and they need an abundance of water while growing fast. More plants are lost from summer drouths than from winter cold. *R. maximum*, *R. cantabrigiense* and a number of beautiful hybrids of the latter would undoubtedly be hardy in your climate and bloom from year to year.

3. *Azalea indica*. See above. *Azalea mollis* would be only precariously hardy in your climate. It likes the same culture given to rhododendrons. Rhododendron and azalea culture were treated at length in the May number of this Magazine.

Chinese Lilies

I bought a Chinese Sacred Lily in the fall of 1904 and it bloomed beautifully in the house. It formed five bulbs which I let mature out in the garden, after taking out of the pot. I planted them out last November and they have made nice bulbs. Can I report these bulbs this fall and will they bloom?—Mrs. J. W. L., Ga.

As a rule, home-grown or developed Chinese lily bulbs are unsatisfactory for winter forcing, but the climate of Georgia may prove kinder to the polyanthus narcissus than that of some other states. We would not advise depending on these alone for flowers, but experimenting with them, giving them the same treatment usual for such bulbs, would be interesting. The Magazine would be glad to hear the result of the experiment. Purchase, also, other good, fresh bulbs that you can depend on for flowers.

Climbing Rose, Azalea, Cineraria

1. How and when shall I prune a climbing rose. 2. I have a large azalea that I am afraid is going to die. Please tell me how to care for it. 3. I lost one handsome cineraria because I did not know how to care for it. Now I have another, will you please tell me the right treatment for it?—Mrs. W. A. L., Pa.

1. In early spring while the rose is dormant, slightly shorten back the strongest shoots, and cut away all weak, diseased wood. A climbing rose needs less pruning than any other sort. Through summer superfluous shoots can be rubbed or pruned away while they are mere buds.

2. If yours was a large and handsome azalea, purchased in full bloom, it has probably exhausted the soil and needs repotting. Just after blooming is the best time for repotting azaleas. The best soil for them is a good sandy loam, with some leaf-mold and a little fine old manure added. English gardeners used to maintain that fine azaleas could not be grown without peat, but this is a mere fallacy. It is essential to plant them firmly and to give very good drainage, setting the base of the stem just above the surface. Water the little bush well after repotting and keep it during the summer in a sheltered spot in the garden, with the pot plunged to its rim in the soil. Be sure and do not forget to water it carefully, for upon its growth and well being in summer depend its winter buds. Azaleas that are planted out in beds will make a very strong healthy growth in summer, but unless very carefully lifted in September they are apt to drop their leaves or blight their buds. Their natural blooming time is from April to June, but in windows and conservatories they may be coaxed into bloom any time after November. The bushes will suffer from red spider and thrips unless well watered and syringed occasionally.

3. The best cinerarias are grown from seeds sown annually, late in June. The little seedlings are transplanted as they grow into pots or flats of rich soil until they reach those in which they are to bloom, usually six, seven or eight inch sizes. Through summer they grow best in shaded places, should be well watered and encouraged to make a strong growth. As winter approaches they can be set in a pit or cold frame, or in the windows of a room which has a rather even temperature of about forty to fifty-five degrees. Early in the new year they begin to form buds and usually flower in March. They are very showy plants, with flowers in many rich shades of blue and purple to pure white. The best commercial fertilizer for them is one having a goodly proportion of phosphoric acid, and the best way to apply it is to scatter a little on the surface of the pots about every ten days. A small plant will need only a pinch of the fertilizer at a time; a grown

plant may have a teaspoonful. The leaves are large, soft and fleshy; be careful not to let the sun shine on them while wet, or they will be scalded. Water them at the root while in bloom. The blooming time usually lasts from March until May or June. I would advise sowing seed for new plants every summer instead of trying to keep over old plants.

Nut Grass

Is there any way to get rid of nut grass without killing the soil?—Mrs. E. R. S., Alabama.

In localities where this grass is indigenous to the soil it is a great pest. Thorough spading and trenching of the yard if small, ploughing and harrowing, if it is large, will be necessary for one or two seasons. Any chemicals that might be applied to kill the grass would also keep other things from growing in the soil. The Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., publishes a bulletin on Weed Extermination that would probably be very helpful to you.

The Blight of Peony Buds

Permit me to ask why my peonies do not mature their flowers. I have several fine thrifty plants five years old. They form many buds, but when these are as large as a small button they turn brown and cease growing. I have moved them twice in fall to no avail.—R. K. M., Ohio.

A Cornell University expert pronounces this blight of peony buds a fungous disease and says that no remedy has yet been found for it. He suggests, as a preventive of the spread of the disease, that all infected buds be removed and burned. While my peonies were growing in full sunshine and a stiff clay soil I often lost buds by this blight, but since I moved them to a semi-shaded spot, well drained by a rock ledge below, where the soil is rich in humus and a thick mulch of leaves retains the winter store of moisture through blooming time, I have not seen any blighted buds. Peonies, like lilies, are impatient of frequent removal and bloom best when well established.

Mildew on Roses

Our Crimson Rambler and Helen Gould roses have some kind of blight. The leaves all curl up and look ashy and the roses hardly open at all. The bushes grow well. What can I do to prevent the disease from spreading and to make the flowers open well?—Mrs. J. L. A., Louisiana.

The simplest remedy for this trouble and the one most easily obtainable is flowers of sulphur. As soon as the "ashy" or grayish white spots appear on the leaves of roses it is certain that mildew is present and a remedy should be promptly applied. The lime and sulphur wash, for which Mr. Morse has frequently given the formula in these pages, is effective also. When mildew attacks a rose the aphid is also often present and a good remedy for both is to mix one part of flowers of sulphur with ten of tobacco dust and apply it with a bellows when the dew is on the leaves, about once a week, until both aphid and mildew disappear.

Mildewed Rose, Lantana, Ferns, Jessamine

1. My rose, Climbing Meteor, will be three years old this autumn. Last spring the leaves became crimped, and were covered with a white substance and the rose did not bloom till autumn, although it grew fast. This spring it is covered with buds but has again the white substance on the leaves. Some buds a month old have not opened yet. Please tell me the cause and remedy for this trouble. I send a leaf. 2. My weeping lantana, five weeks planted, shows no new leaves. It has good soil, a sunny position and never suffers for water. How shall I start it to growing, or does it need rest? 3. Are liquid fertilizers, prepared from manure and soot, good for growing ferns? 4. Do everblooming jessamines require a sunny position and very rich soil?—Mrs. R. N., Texas.

1. The leaf sent was mildewed. The remedy is given above. The causes of the trouble are varied: Drouth and fierce heat, that check rapid growth; long, cool rains; sudden drops in the temperature, any and all sometimes produce the disease. The sulphur, or the spray recommended, can sometimes be used as a preventive at any such times, saving the buds and keeping the bushes in a healthy condition.

2. I suggest that you investigate the drainage for your weeping lantana. If you have good soil, good drainage and do not over-water it, it should begin growing at once.

3. Weak liquid manure given to growing ferns occasionally may be beneficial in hastening growth and giving a rich

color. Soot is very strong and might do much harm if applied injudiciously. I would advise its use for less delicate plants, merely scattering a small quantity thinly over the surface of the soil. I have seen even fine plants of geraniums killed by using it incautiously.

4. If by everblooming jessamine you mean *Jasminum grandiflorum*, which has five leaflets to the stem, is twining and blooms all summer, your outline of treatment is right, although I have never observed that these jessamines need a richer soil than most other plants. In Texas they should make a luxuriant growth, as even here, they will wreath two-story windows with their fragrant, starlike flowers in a few years.

Rubin and Keystone Roses Do Not Bloom

My Rubin and Keystone roses, purchased two years ago, make a luxuriant growth but do not bloom. Please tell me what to do to insure flowers.—Mrs. K. R., Alabama.

Your letter is dated in May. Perhaps these roses will yet show buds. They should certainly bloom in this their third year. Climbing roses need less pruning than others but we would suggest a complete thinning out and cutting away of the old and weak shoots, better cultivation and a rich soil. If mildew has blighted the buds, try the remedy advised above.

Letters from Our Friends June Planting for Dahlias

"In an article in the June number the writer takes the position that it is of no use planting earlier, as dahlias will not bloom sooner anyhow. I have twenty-four beautiful dahlias. Twelve were planted from tubers the first week in April and are now (June 23) in full bloom,—have been for a week. The other twelve I purchased late in May. I know from experience that they will not bloom until late in August. Whether the ones now in bloom will continue to do so until nipped by frost remains to be seen, as this is my first experience with tubers.—J. P., Pa."

We are glad to have the above comment and bit of experience, and would welcome many more such to these pages. Different view-points and different methods for differing tastes and climatic conditions are always helpful in making a magazine interesting to a wide circle of readers.

The dahlia is a fall flower, like the aster and chrysanthemum. Such plants always flower finest in their natural season. Although with care they may be made to bloom well earlier, still it is a question as to whether the trouble might better not have been better expended elsewhere. As stated in the article mentioned, midsummer drouths are apt to catch early budding dahlias and cut short their bloom or blight their buds. If the gardener has not too many plants to give them especial care in watering they may be carried through the drouth safely. But May and June are gay with quantities of other flowers, notably the early perennials, shrubs and roses, so that unless one has an especial penchant for dahlias, it is better to leave them for their own best season. Prolonged rains early in the season hurry dahlias along quite fast and sometimes reverse the above conditions, but such conditions may not be counted upon. The writer bases conclusions from personal experience and observation in five different states. Usually I prefer to grow dahlias in hedges, and there is never a summer when I do not have many more than the number J. P. names so growing. A brilliant hedge of cannas and dahlias to screen the vegetable garden is usually a feature of my grounds. Frequently we pinch out the earlier buds to give the plants a fine fall bloom. They are trained to bushy single stems, and tied early in the season to strong stakes. Choice varieties are easily propagated from cuttings.

A FORTUNE IN EGGS

I get so many letters from my old home about preserving eggs, that I will answer them through your paper. I started in 1887 with \$38, bought eggs at 2 to 10 in summer, preserved them and sold in winter at from 25c to 30c per dozen. I preserved eggs twelve years and made \$30,000. My niece started in 1897 with \$10, which she re-invested each year with the profits and now she has \$16,346, all made from \$10 re-invested for eight years. You can buy eggs from 8c to 10c and sell them 25c to 30c. Figure the profits yourself. To preserve them costs a cent a dozen. I can't answer letters as I travel but any person can get desired information by addressing the Pacific Supply and Brokerage Company, No. 30-6th St., Los Angeles, Cal. A good business for city or country.

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JOSE EYE, DR. JAMES H. ROBINSON'S EYE WATER

Vick's Magazine

August 1906



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FRANCIS C. OWEN, EDITOR

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THIS PARAGRAPH when marked in blue pencil is notice that the time for which your subscription is paid, ends with this month. It is also an invitation to renew promptly, for while Vick's Magazine will be sent for a short period after the expiration of paid-up subscriptions it should be understood that all subscriptions are due in advance.

Please notice that if you wish your magazine discontinued it is your duty to notify us by letter or card. Otherwise, we shall assume that you wish it continued and expect to pay for it. In writing, always give your name and address just as they appear on your magazine.

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Think It Is Fine

"I have received the June number of Vick's Magazine and think it is fine. So much in so small a space is certainly a great recommendation, and all the reading is so good."—DeFiniack Spring, Neb.

Cannot Get Along Without It

"I appreciate the paper very much and find I cannot get along without it. Anybody who has any love for flowers or gardening should read Vick's Magazine."—Punxsutawney, Pa.

Further Suggestions Solicited

We quote above but a few of the appreciative words that have lately reached us from our readers, reserving the more enthusiastic ones for our own enjoyment.

With these letters, in response to our solicitation, have come suggestions as to points that our readers think would improve the magazine, and as to departments that they like best.

We hope for further suggestions of this sort. Tell us freely and frankly what features of the Magazine you enjoy most and in what points you think it might be improved. Above all, work for it! The more subscribers it gains the faster it can improve. Tell other people the kind things you say to us of it. We offer some valuable premiums to all club raisers and a magazine continually growing better.

The Children's Country Week

Those who were interested in the 'City Children's Country Week,' published in the May number of Vick's Magazine will be interested in this report of the Philadelphia Association sent in by its President, Mary J. Jennison.

Annual Report, 1905

	Children	Adults
Boarded in the country	4817	301
Sent on invitation	193	18
Sent to the Pines	191	85
Given transportation	288	205
Sent to Sea Shore	356	269
	5845	876
		5845
	Total	6721

Day Picnics

Entertained by friends in the country, women and children 1582
Tickets given for trips to the Park and on the River to women and children, 47,000

Treasurer reported \$18,857.40 spent last summer.

Substitutes for Ice

Ice is not a necessity. It's a luxury, a comfort, a convenience. We have got used to it. We like to use it in refrigerators. We are fond of iced water and other iced drinks; and in moderation they are not very bad for us. So long as we like to have ice, we are entitled to have it; and to have it at a reasonable price; in time we shall have it, and have it cheaper than ever.

But it is not a necessity, and there is no way of getting it cheap quicker than to lessen the demand for it. Meantime, there are ways for keeping food cool enough for health which cost less than ice at ordinary prices, says a writer in the Hartford Courant. These are some of the ways. None of them are experiments. They have all been long tested.

For cool drinking water, wrap around a bottle of water an old woolen sleeve or a pantalon leg or a newspaper, and tie in place. Soak the covering well and set the bottle in a saucer or bowl of water, in a draught or breeze if you can find one. The porous cover of the bottle will suck up water from the saucer, which should be part full, and keep wet. The evaporation from the cover will cool the water in the bottle many degrees cooler than the air—as cool as is really desirable for health, unless in special cases of medical treatment. The water will be nearly as cool as can be drawn from any faucet where pipes run through cool cellars, or deep ground. And where waste water is to be paid for, as when a water meter is used, the cool water in the bottle costs much less than from the faucet. This is nothing but the old way of the armies of many nations of putting a felt wrapper on the soldier's canteens. It is like the Fayal monkey which was a clay pig with a handle and a spout made of porous baked clay, which was filled with water and hung in the shade where the air could pass across its surface. The water which percolated or "sweated through" the clay evaporated and cooled the water which was left in the monkey. This was for a long time the ordinary, and almost the only, way in many ships and many tropic countries for getting cool water to drink.

For a cheap refrigerator (forty cents to a dollar)—half fill a milk pan with water. Set a florist's saucer or a soup plate bottom side up, a flat stone, or any thing heavy enough not to float, in the middle of your pan for the floor of your refrigerator, above the water level. Set your milk jar, butter, meat, whatever is to be kept cool, on the floor or shelf you have built. Wet a large flower pot and turn it upside down over your provisions. They will keep all right for a day or two.

A section of unglazed tile covered with a large saucer may be more convenient than a flower pot; or a large refrigerator may be built of bricks on the cellar bottom, covered with a board and a felt or woolen blanket laid on it—the whole to be kept wet on the outside.

Butter or anything which easily takes the flavor of its surroundings, should be wrapped in paraffin paper before it is set into such a refrigerator.

A refrigerator with porous walls will,

of course, soon become impregnated with the odors of anything set in it, and should often be renewed or cleansed. This can be very easily and cheaply done by burning out the clay with excelsior, shavings or paper. The flower pot should be dry before it is burned or it will crack.

Such a refrigerator is no experiment. For more than a year a well-known Jersey dairyman, whose butter regularly commanded a fancy price, kept his cream for churning and his butter waiting for market, under a big wet flower pot in the cellar bottom, (in a covered glass bowl, of course), and as well as if ice had been used.

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"All of your predictions come true. I married again as you stated I would, and I pray that you may live many years to continue in this noble work."

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MRS. F. H. BREWSTER.

"I am developing my talents according to your instructions and am having fine success. What you predicted for the past year has all come true. May you live long to continue in your noble work."

J. A. HARTMAN.

"At the time I received my Horoscope I doubted what you told me; but one year has elapsed, and I must confess the truth, that your readings are certainly wonderful, for now I know what you told me is true."

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If you want to make your future successful and know what it contains, write me at once. I will tell you the history of your life from the cradle to the grave, what you can expect as your share of happiness, what failures may overtake you, unless having my predictions, you are in a position to avoid them. I will tell you things about yourself that you believe no one else knows but yourself. Therefore write at once, and let the World's greatest Astrologer read your life as the Stars reveal it. Simply send your full name and address, the date of your birth, your sex, and enclose a two cent stamp for postage, and your Horoscope will be immediately sent you in sealed envelope FREE of charge.

PROF. LEE, Dept. 44, Natick, Mass.



Motherland

EDITED BY
VICTORIA WELLMAN



All questions relating to this department should be addressed to Mrs. Wellman in care of Vick's Magazine. In letters requiring a personal answer enclose a stamp for reply.

Wireless Telegraphy

The wireless telegraph called prayer Needs neither ether, space, nor air O'er which to speed fear's quivering From us who need to Him who saves; Through vacuums of forgetfulness Race forth the flashing messages; No medium is too dense or hard— Flesh, distance, time, in vain retard; Prayer needs two instruments alone, God's heart, and, timed therewith, thine own! These signal stations in accord, Thou shalt hold converse with thy Lord Through hills, o'er plains, beneath the sea— For Love's the electricity! Who loveth, though the meanest clod, Can telegraph each day to God!

The Care of Baby

Ruts or Grooves

The wisest, tenderest mothers are, like the best housewives, always students, thinkers, willing and eager to discard poor methods for some new or otherwise better plans. "Conservatism" too fatally common among average women, is like a shortened chain upon the possibilities of life. Have any of you ever tried to—*un-educate*—a woman of fifty, let us say on the topic of dish washing, and impart the easier or cleaner method?

"Dear me!" exclaimed a neighbor whose little one I had assisted from birth, through a tangled babyhood, "how do you have such good babies while they are little."

Poor soul! it never dawned on her that it might be the things I did not do that caused this "goodness." Running in daily as she did she saw most of my far from fussy ways, yet—remained in her rut. The care of our cherub was like a wheel rolling smoothly in a groove; of hers like the rough jolts of a deep rut in an unkind road. Diet of mother and baby were all wrong; in consequence quantities of Soothing Syrup were employed because "poor Papa must sleep." Acute colic wasted the little one to a skeleton. Teething nearly ended its many agonies. In dress and bath good sense were never used even from the first. I remained true for Baby's sake but never was a task so truly hopeless. Of course Baby was blamed for its "temper" and the doctor bills!

It is usually possible to teach a Baby the hours most convenient to you and best for him if you begin in time. The ounce of Prevention is the solvent of domestic uproar over one small babe. It is scarcely wise to trot him out early just because you must get breakfast. Just rub the little body gently while he nurses in the morning and lay him comfortably down on the side not slept on before, and go quietly away; for mere whimpering do not hasten to carry him to the noisy kitchen. If once or twice he wails unavailingly only to fall asleep he will philosophise that "it's no use—mother will come on time. I may as well wait."

Wise? Of course they are! Suppose you begin to train to regular meal hours and then overlap a few times because Baby does not cry. Do you think babies can not tell time? He will soon learn to cry for meals and be as irregular as yourself. Then, too, everytime he grows restless instead of trying diversion, a drink, or change of position you catch him up, walk him proudly around the room, rock or cuddle him, or abominable habit and cause of endless severe indi-

gestion, give him a "pacifier." Or you, not being over busy and a proud young mother, train him to "tricks," giving him no time for natural self amusement and exciting his brain. You are guilty of trotting or rocking him steadily quite heedless of spine or brain. You let him lie in discomfort to cry long and loud ere any attention is given—and wonder how he learns to wake up crying in due time! You bathe and dress him as the most ancient counsellor or hired helper advises and never reason for yourself just why Baby hates the bath—which is made ingeniously tormenting by differences in temperature and unsuitable soaps (one of Baby's daily enemies and an inexcusable fault when so good a soap as Spim soap is widely advertised and is so sensibly adapted to babyhood) and the too seldom changed underwear or prickly woolens or stiff muslin bands. One dear soul, being bent on Baby "looking nice" had the care to starch its diapers as well as other garments. Poor Baby—he was "cross!" And so martyred by acute chafing my heart bled for him.

To run in ruts requires little more thought than animals give their young: for according to their needs many young animals are to be envied by a host of babies.

There is another common error and one I vigorously denounce as without any just excuse. If you can not afford a crib (right here I warn you to choose the crib thoughtfully and furnish it with exactness and good sense. Cribs are, as a rule, not safe if Baby is left long unwatched; but there is one—a woman's idea—which has been a boon in our home and truly is safe) or other of the modern sleeping devices for baby, buy a baby hammock outfit. One now on sale in Chicago at three dollars has a canopy and little upright support and is very cool and cozy. Whatever you do—Never Let Baby Sleep With Mother and Father or with older children. You naturally desire vigor in your children: if so let them have separate beds—particularly the baby. I have a volume of reasons why which can not appear in this issue but I will discuss this subject again.

It disgusts me to see any mother lavishing embroideries and laces and backache tucks on a baby for whom she has so miserable a supply of bedding both quality and quantity, or of diapers, that a filthy condition exists. A certain delightful fabric is sold now (and any large department store will send samples) of which at least two crib-size coverings should be made to answer as thin mattresses over mattress proper. One of these can be airing or cleaning and do much to preserve a truly cozy bed. Of course the ideal protector is made of Stork goods now getting universally known.

If I could—alas! I can only urge not command—every baby's bed should be sunned as well as aired ten times more thoroughly than is now the usual custom. Adults' beds need much more care than is usually given but babies' beds are fearfully neglected.

Helpful Books for Mothers and Fathers

What a Young Girl Ought to Know: Let me urge you to not delay the education of your people about whom you may have been feeling anxious. After evil thoughts are once rooted it is much harder to begin your own seed-sowing.

WONDERFUL Phonograph OFFER MR. EDISON SAYS:

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IF you love music, if you enjoy entertainment, if you want to make your home more cheerful, BE SURE to read every word of this great offer.

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The ideal time to teach is in early childhood but to lose girlhood or boyhood for such an essential part of your parenthood duties, more sweetly and more easily performed by parents for their own dear ones than any stranger however wise and tactful could initiate, this is to the thoughtful observer a terrible loss of golden opportunities. It is one of our modern mother's great advantages that such books as those published by the Vir Publishing Co., of which several similar to the one named above, and its mate, "What a Young Boy Ought to Know," are now issued to cover every age needing sex education.

It must be a compensation for a lifetime of sorrow or struggle to have been inspired to write such books. To possess these as an aid to your own love and tact is to be nobly equipped to fight the great evils which steal the white hearts of our children and smear them hopelessly with the slime of impurity. "Knowledge is Power," our copybooks read in olden days. "Ignorance is not Purity," we may safely add. Teach a child Truth, Love, and Purity and though you may not give him more than an ordinary education in books you may confidently expect him to graduate with Heavenly honors—some day.

You, mother, are not responsible to set the whole world right; you are responsible only to make one pure, sacred, and divine household.

Lyman Abbott: Problems of Life.

Saturday Night

Placing the little hats all in a row, Ready for church on the morrow, you know.

Washing wee faces and little black fists, Getting them ready and fit to be kissed; Putting them into clean garments and whiffs.

That is what mothers are doing tonight.

Spying out rents in a little worn hose, Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes;

Looking o'er garments so faded and thin; Who but a mother knows where to begin? Changing a button to make it look right, That is what mothers are doing tonight.

Calling the little ones all round her chair; Hearing them repeat their evening prayer; Telling them stories of Jesus of old, The Shepherd, who gathers the lambs to his fold;

Watching them listen with childish delight— That is what mothers are doing tonight.

Creeping so softly to see a last peep— Silence the token of childhood's sleep; Anxious to know if all dear ones are warm;

Tucking the blankets round each little form; Kissing each little face, rosy and bright, That is what mothers are doing tonight.

—Washington Star.

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To Save Hard Work

I wonder if any of the busy sisters have tried my plan of saving the frequent washing of comforts and quilts by covering one end to a depth of ten or twelve inches with cheese cloth or soft muslin to prevent them from becoming soiled by contact with face and hands. It saves the wearing as well, and these covers can be changed and washed often and the bed kept tidy and wholesome with very little work.—M. B. K.

For Toilet China

The red stains, which come from rain water, on wash bowls and pitchers can be taken off by vinegar. One half gallon of good vinegar, let stand in one dish over night or twelve hours, will clean it leaving it white by just washing it out. It can be used a number of times, taking it from one vessel as soon as it has done its work there and putting into another, until all are pure and clean.—Mrs. F. S.

For Black Kid Gloves

If you have a pair of black kid gloves that are worn white along the seams try mixing equal parts sweet oil and black ink, and applying along same. It will hardly be noticed.—Mrs. F. S.

Crawling Rug for Baby

Here are directions for a Crawling Rug, which may be of benefit to some of the mothers. The babies delight in them, if so fortunate as to possess one. The foundation may be made of an old dress skirt, a piece of flannel or even cotton flannel will do; it should be lined with old ticking and lightly wadded over the surface. All sorts of figures of toys, animals and familiar playthings may be appliqued; these figures can be cut out of odd bright colored scraps. They should be buttonholed and stitched on to the foundation. Old pieces of silk, ribbon, velvet, flannel, etc. can be used indiscriminately. Picture books and cards will furnish designs for cutting the scraps by, and one can make it as fancy as they wish. It is a most cunning article for the little tots who can just crawl about looking into everything, on their hands and knees. They will spend quite a time trying to pick them off the figures that appear. Try one.—Mrs. F. S.

A Good Cleanser

Kerosene applied vigorously with a rag will remove grime from the clothes boiler, the bath-tub, or any metal or porcelain surface. Wipe the oil cloth with kerosene to brighten it. Pour a little in the drain to cleanse it and change the odor.—A. H. B.

A Broken Doll

If the doll's head breaks off at the neck, just place a piece of cloth over the opening, then stuff the head solid with batten, thus pressing the cloth into it, and sew the edges of cloth surrounding the broken neck firmly to the body again and the dolly will be found as good as new.—E. M. J.

Naphthaline and Gasoline For Cleaning

While making a delicate silk waist some machine oil got on it in a conspicuous place. I hurried to the rear entry and folding several thicknesses of muslin laid the soiled place upon it, took another piece of muslin, wet it from the naphthaline bottle and beginning on the outer edge of the spot worked towards the center till all trace of the spot disappeared. It is necessary to change the cloths frequently while working with naphthaline as they absorb the grease.

Another time my little three-year-old baby while playing about a road-wagon, apparently ruined a dainty, India-linen dress with grease from the wheels. This, you know, is almost impossible to wash out with water, but it quickly yielded to the magic influence of naphthaline. But this great cleansing agent must be kept in an entry or outer building and never used where there is fire. Gasoline, too,

will cut grease and I always use it for coarser articles. My husband is a railroad engineer, and it helps greatly when added to the suds in washing his overalls. To clean a white plume that has become soiled rub thoroughly with corn-meal siftings, then wash in about a quart of gasoline. Dry in the open air beating lightly to shake the corn-meal all out. When dry curl with a silver knife and it will look like new.—C. A. H.

For Darning Stockings

A piece of flexible cardboard or several thicknesses of paper cut the shape of the new stocking foot and slipped inside when mending will make the work of darning or patching much easier and leave the stocking in perfect shape instead of distorted by being stretched over a darning-ball or hand, and causes the stocking to fit and feel better also.—A. B. T.

Sleeve Protectors

The children's worn out stockings make excellent sleeve protectors.—E. M. J.

For Tin or Agateware

Try rubbing the bottoms of agate ware and tin vessels with common hard soap before putting them next the fire. The black can be quickly washed off leaving them clean and bright.—M. H. G.

Broken Rocking Chairs

If the backs are strong, make very up-to-date hall chairs. Remove the rockers, cut the legs so that the back will stand nearly straight; seat with leather or imitation leather. A coat of varnish may be needed.

Children's Stockings

When the stockings begin to wear thin at the knee, just cut them off at the ankle, and join together again; placing so that the thin spots will come under the knee.—E. M. J.

Hints on Canning

How to Can Fruit so it Will Keep, so as Not to Break any Cans

I used to break quite a number of cans each year when canning fruit. I tried various ways but would nearly always break some. I have tried the following way for ten years and I put up over two hundred cans each year. I have never broken one or had one spoil since.

Put your fruit in a stew kettle and cook with sugar. After your cans are thoroughly cleaned, (always clean your cans with boraxine suds and scald them when they are first emptied before anything dried on them,) have a kettle of boiling water ready and pour out about half a pan full; let it set on the back of stove close to stew kettle; take two clean cloths, one rung out of hot water, a silver knife, a fruit filler, a small dipper, and your utensils are complete. Put the top of can and rubber in hot water at one side of pan. Take your can and quickly dip it in the water so inside and outside both touch hot water at the same time, then letting it lay on its side whirl it around a few times in the water when you may take hold of one side of the top of can and drain out the water setting the can up in the pan, holding with your left hand slightly leaning towards the stew kettle. Put on the rubber, put in the fruit filler, take little dipper and commence to fill the can. When about two-thirds full take silver knife and stir carefully towards the middle to let all air out, then finish filling can. Take out the fruit filler, take damp cloth, wipe off screw on can and rubbers, take silver knife, lift top out of hot water, screw on medium tight. Wipe off upper part of can with damp cloth then take hold of top with dry one, lifting it out of water,

A Cheap and Handy Bread Board

From the hardware store procure a large sheet of the heaviest tin. Have them turn half an inch on one edge up and half an inch on the other side down. The turned down edge will slip over the edge of table, and prevent the tin from slipping out of place. I like such a "board" very much; it is so smooth and easy to clean.—A. H.

To Clean Willow Furniture

I wash my willow chairs with a stiff brush, warm, soft water and white soap. While they are still wet I shut them into a tight, tiny closet just off the woodshed and place a pan of burning sulphur on the floor. In about an hour they will be nearly dry and almost as pretty as when new.—E. N.

Uses for Baking Powder Cans

Empty baking powder cans are useful when washing kettles and frying pans that are hard to clean. They will scrape the sides and bottoms both nicely. They are handy, also, to chop potatoes which are being warmed. Will do the work much more quickly, than a knife.—L. M.

A Paper Pie Board

Use clean, heavy brown paper. Wipe with damp cloth and fold the required size, four times or more. It can be scraped clean as a board, requires no washing, takes up no space, and can be changed every day or two for a new one.—Mrs. C. M. G.

Instead of Darning

A quick way to patch the knees of children's stockings is to cut down the back of the leg, sew a patch on with the machine and sew up the leg.—A. B. T.

A Help in Washing

Have a five or ten cent vegetable brush, to rub your shirt bands or between buttons you will find it a great help in washing.—Penn Yan.

Sash Curtains

If you have not rods for your sash curtains, picture frames wire makes an excellent substitute.—E. M. J.

For the Cookie Jar

Put an orange or the peel in the cookie crock and see what a delicious flavor it makes.—Penn Yan.

Hints on Canning

and wipe the rest of can with damp cloth as you are setting it away to cool.

That, leaves no juice to dry on can, and wiping off the screw and rubber, the cans will most always open easily. Never let a draft strike the cans from the time you commence to fill them until the contents are cool. When partly cold, screw up as tight as you can. Although this seems quite lengthy it is a very easy and quick method and has many advantages.—C. C. P.

To Keep Gooseberries Without Cooking

Gooseberries can be kept fresh and firm for two or more years by filling glass cans full, pressing and shaking down, of the fruit and then pour in boiling water until it runs over, let stand a moment drain off and fill again with boiling water and screw on covers. When opened stew and sweeten as fresh berries. I have kept berries in this way for several years and believe I have never had any spoil. The second filling with boiling water seems necessary to heat the fruit so that all air is excluded.—M. E. K.

Fruit Covers

If you are afraid that your can covers are not perfectly tight, just roll a piece of common laundry soap in your hands, until soft, then putty it around the edge of your can covers, thus making it air tight.—E. M. J.

Canning Tomatoes

If you wish your canned tomatoes to keep perfectly just fill your cans up nearly to the neck, then finish filling with melted butter or paraffine wax before screwing on the cover. I prefer the butter, as that does not need to be taken off, when using the tomatoes.

Seasonable Household Recipes

Numerous Methods With Two Important Products

Pickle Methods

By Juliet Hite Gallaher

Chow Chow

One gallon of chopped cabbage, one and one-half gallons of chopped green tomatoes and one-half gallon of chopped onions. Stand in brine over night, drain well and scald in weak vinegar, then squeeze perfectly dry. Heat to a boil three quarts of vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar and add two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, one teaspoonful of cayenne, one ounce of celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of tumeric, one ounce white mustard, one tablespoonful each of ground spice and mace. Add the mixture, heat thoroughly and pack into jars. Keep the vinegar left over and after the chow chow stands twenty-four hours fill the jars to the tops with it. Keep in a cool place.

Mustard Pickle

One quart each of small whole cucumbers, large cucumbers sliced, green tomatoes sliced and small button onions, one large cauliflower divided into small parts and four green peppers chopped fine. Stand the above mixture for twenty-four hours in a brine, made of four quarts of water and one pint of salt. Drain and scald in weak vinegar, drain again and when the mustard dressing is done add it, heat through in the dressing, pack in glass jars and pour the dressing about an inch deep over the tops of each.

Dressing

Mix one large teaspoonful of flour, six tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls of tumeric with enough cold vinegar to make a smooth paste, add one ounce of celery seed, one ounce of white mustard seed, three quarts of vinegar and three pounds of brown sugar. Cook until thick like a paste, stirring constantly.

Sliced Cucumber Pickle

Remove from the brine and soak in clear water, over night, four dozen cucumbers, slice and scald in weak vinegar, to which add one teaspoonful of ground alum. Remove from the fire and pack into jars. Place in a porcelain lined kettle and bring to a boil, one gallon of cider vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar, a tablespoonful of ground spice and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and one teaspoonful of olive oil. Pour over the pickle, seal and in two weeks time it will be ready for use.

Green Tomato Pickle

Cut a slice off top and bottom of tomatoes, slice and sprinkle with salt, using a cupful of salt to each peck of tomatoes. After standing twenty-four hours drain and scald in weak vinegar, drain again. Boil together two quarts of vinegar, three red pepper pods chopped fine, one pound of brown sugar, one ounce each of white mustard and celery seed, one tablespoonful of spice and one of ground cinnamon, add the tomatoes, heat well and seal in glass jars.

Pepper Mangoes

Keep large bell peppers in brine for two weeks, soak over night in fresh water. Remove the inside and fill with grated horse radish, grated onion, a little green pepper, chopped fine, little white mustard seed and sugar to taste, put in the tops and drop them into spiced vinegar, with which has been heated several tablespoonfuls of olive oil.

Pickled Walnuts

Pick them when tender enough to pierce with a pin and put in a strong brine for four days, changing the brine once during that time. Rinse and keep in the sun until they become black, turning frequently so that all of their surface may become exposed to the sun's rays. Pack in jars and to four quart jars full of them pour over the following: One gallon of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, cayenne pepper, ginger, mace, cloves, mustard seed and chopped horseradish cut into strips, all boiled together. Seal and let stand several weeks before using.

Pickled Cherries

To each quart of cherries (on which the stems have been left) allow half teacupful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one dozen whole cloves, half a dozen blades of mace. Boil the sugar and vinegar for five minutes, add the spices, remove from the fire and when cold, strain. Fill jars three-fourths full with cherries, then fill with cold vinegar. Cook or seal tightly.

Pickled Nasturtiums

Gather the nasturtium seeds when they are small and green, before the inner kernel has become hard. Remove the stems and stand them in salted water over night, freshen with cold water, pack in bottles and fill with spiced vinegar.

Blackberries In Many Ways.

By Elma Iona Locke.

The luscious blackberry is nature's own specific against the debilitating effects so often felt from the hot weather, and should be used as freely as possible while fresh. And it should be the rule with all fruits, to use as much as possible in the season that nature intended them to be used, canning and otherwise preserving only the surplus.

Stewed Blackberries

Boil a pint of water half a pound of sugar, and a few bits of lemon peel. Pick over the berries and put into the syrup, letting them simmer for a short time. Then pour off the syrup, let it come to a boil, and add it to the berries.

Blackberry Shortcake

One pint of flour, one-half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder, sift together four times; rub in a large quarter cup of butter, add one egg beaten and mixed with a scant cup of milk. Spread on a tin and bake in a quick oven. Pull apart after cooling for five

minutes, spread well with butter, fill with berries sweetened to taste, and with plenty of cream, plain or whipped.

Sweet Blackberry Shortcake

Beat three eggs very light, add one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of cold water, two cups of pastry flour, two teaspoons of baking powder; whisk very quickly together, and bake in three jelly cake tins for about ten minutes. Fill with fruit as usual.

Blackberry Pie

Line a plate with good pastry, put in three cups of berries, mix half a tablespoon of corn starch with a cup of sugar, or less, and put over the berries, sprinkle on a pinch of salt, wet the edges of the crust and cover with a top crust. Bake in a quick, steady oven.

Blackberry Pudding

Butter a pudding dish and place a layer of berries one and one-half inches deep over the bottom. Pour over this a batter made of one cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoons of baking powder, flavor with nutmeg. Bake until a light brown, turn from the dish with the fruit on top, and serve with sweetened cream or spice sauce.

Blackberry Fritters

Make a batter of one egg, one tablespoon of sugar, one pint of milk, one teaspoon of baking powder sifted in one cup of flour, a saltspoon of salt. Into this batter stir lightly two cups of blackberries dredged with flour. Have a kettle of hot cooking oil into which drop the batter by tablespoonfuls. When done, roll in powdered sugar.

Blackberry Mush

Make a mush of cream of wheat or graham, and stir in ripe, uncooked berries. Serve with butter and sugar.

Blackberry Slump

Line a shallow pudding dish with a rich paste, and put in about a pint of berries, using sugar to taste. Make a custard of one egg, a spoonful of sugar, and a cup of milk; pour it over the berries, cover with a top crust and bake until the crust is done. Remove from the oven, and when nearly cold, spread with an icing made with the white of an

egg beaten stiff with sugar, added a spoonful at a time, return to the oven for a few minutes to slightly cook or harden the icing. To be eaten cold.

Blackberry Tarts

Bake the shells and ice them, return to the oven until the icing is set. Fill the shells with nice ripe berries, well sweetened, pile with whipped cream and serve.

Blackberry Blanc Mange

Stew the berries slowly in a little water, strain, and sweeten to taste, set over the fire again to boil, thicken with a little corn starch wet up with cold water, stir all the time until thick enough, then pour into cups wet with cold water, and set in a cold place. Serve with cream and sugar.

Blackberry Cream

Soak an ounce of gelatine for two hours in a cup of cold water. Mash a quart of berries with a cup of sugar, and let stand one hour. Whip a pint of cream to froth. Rub the berries through a sieve into a basin, pour half a cup of boiling water over the gelatine, and when dissolved, mix with the juice. Set the basin in a pan of pounded ice, and beat till it is like soft custard; then fill sherbet glasses partly full, and heap with the whipped cream.

Blackberry Ice Cream

Boil a pint and a half of cream with a cup and a half of sugar, let cool. Crush three pints of berries and rub them through a sieve to remove the seeds, add a half cup of sugar, mix with the cream, and freeze.

Blackberry Nectar

To a quart of water add a pound of crushed berries, a sliced lemon, half an orange sliced, and let stand three hours, squeeze and strain. Dissolve in the liquid a pound of pulverized sugar, and half freeze.

Canned Blackberries

For a quart can, boil together for six minutes two quarts of the berries, a scant cup of sugar, and three tablespoonfuls of water. Fill the can brim full and screw on the cover tightly while boiling hot. The fruit should boil for six minutes after it reaches the boiling point.



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Dobly's Shopping

Mr. Dobley was at his office when he received this telegram:

Please step in at Sellemthings' on your way home and buy me a belt; waist measure, 21. HONORA.

That meant that Mrs. Dobley wanted a belt in a great hurry, and as they were starting for out of town by an early morning train Mr. Dobley supposed that it was to wear with a traveling dress. He hated to shop, but it was understood that when a case of necessity arose he was willing to sacrifice himself. So he kept the message and stopped off at Sellemthings' half an hour before closing time. He wondered if belts came under the head of notions or jewelry, but, wishing to be quite sure, he asked a floorwalker, who said belts were in the basement.

Mr. Dobley went down in the elevator, wondering much, and asked another man about belts. This man mopped his brow for it was a warm afternoon, and repeated in a low, almost idiotically:

"Belts? Not on this floor," said the man, reproachfully.

"They said upstairs they were on this floor," said Dobley, savagely. He hated being sent on a wild-goose chase about a dry goods shop, and sometimes it seemed as though it were a sort of game that the salespeople played on customers, especially when it was nearly time to close. "We only have athletic belts and swimming belts on this floor," said the floorwalker.

"Then what are you talking about?" asked Dobley. "Where are they?"

The floorwalker designated the direction that led to the athletic goods, and Dobley proceeded, although he knew quite well that he would not find the belt Mrs. Dobley wished for, among them. But he wanted to teach the floorwalker a lesson in politeness.

After pretending to buy, he strode up stairs and wandered among the aisles like a lost soul, looking for belts. Seeing some things depending from a line with buckles on them, he approached jauntily, and said to the young woman in charge: "Let me see some of those in your very latest designs, please?"

"The very latest have gun-metal and rhinestone buckles," said the young lady. "This has a horseshoe on one and a fleur-de-lis on the other. Eight dollars a pair."

"A pair?" exclaimed Mr. Dobley. "Do you sell 'em by the pair?"

"Usually," said the young lady, haughtily.

"I only wanted one," said Dobley, "21 inches."

"How many inches?" asked the young lady, in a frightened tone.

"Twenty-one," said Dobley, "waist measure."

"The waist measure doesn't matter," said the young woman.

"Doesn't?" said Dobley. "I should think the waist measure would matter considerably in a belt."

"These aren't belts," said the young woman; "they are stocking supporters."

"Oh—" said Dobley, "I thought—"

"Cawsh!" said the young lady, turning her back deliberately on Dobley.

Mr. Dobley turned away crestfallen. It now only lacked fifteen minutes of six, and he knew what to expect in the way of attention from the clerks at that hour.

He saw a pleasant-faced young woman, standing by a counter full of hats, and he approached her.

"Can you inform me," he said "where I can find belts for sale?"

"I cannot," she said, calmly.

"Would you be good enough to find out?" asked Dobley, in desperation.

"I would not," she said haughtily.

"And why not, may I ask?" said Dobley.

"Because I don't choose to," said the young woman, "and I think you are impatient!"

Just then a salesman came up and handed the lady a hat which she pinned on her head, handed him payment for, and left after a look of scorn at Dobley, who perceived that he had been addressing a customer instead of a saleswoman.

"Belts! Belts!" he said, hoarsely, clutching the clerk's hand. "What kind of belts?" asked the clerk, in surprise.

"Not a champion-belt," said Dobley, feebly; "nor a swimming belt, nor

an athletic belt, nor an electric belt, but a belt—a feminine belt—21 inches. Please lead me to them."

The man pointed to a counter across the room, where two girls were dusting things and putting them away. They paid no attention to Mr. Dobley, but carried on an interesting conversation.

"Please show me some belts," said Mr. Dobley.

"What price belts?" asked the saleswoman.

"How can I tell what I want till I see them?" said Dobley.

"He can't tell, then," said the other girl again, addressing space. "He's a shopper. They always come in at six on a hot day."

"Here are some of the newest belts," said the young woman. "This gold braid with a real turquoise buckle. They are a dollar an inch and the buckle comes extra."

"Isn't that rather high?" said Dobley.

"Not for gold belts," said the girl.

"I think my wife would prefer a plainer sort of belt," he said.

"His wife?" said the space talker, sarcastically.

"There is no call for plain belts," said the girl, shoving the tray away in the case. "What time is it, Mama?"

"Ten minutes to six," said the other girl. "I should think folks would know better than to come in at such a time."

"Perhaps you'd like a sixty-five cent belt? Or, how about a leather belt?"

"Do you think a lady would like one of those belts?" he asked.

"It depends upon the lady," said the girl, pertly. "Some would and some wouldn't. That's an old-style belt."

"The pulley belt is the newest thing," said the girl.

"Why didn't you let me see them in the first place?" asked Mr. Dobley. "That is what I want; the newest thing in belts."

The girl took out a box of satin belts of different colors.

"How much are they?" said Dobley.

"Two-fifty each," said she.

"I'll take two," said Dobley, desperately.

"Well, well, well!" said the girl who talked to space.

Dobley escaped with his belts through the door, the grating of which had been put up except in one space through which he was allowed to pass eyed by the saleswomen as though he was a criminal. When he got home he displayed them to Mrs. Dobley.

"The very newest thing," he said.

Mrs. Dobley tried one on and it fitted.

"Well," she said, you can shop better than I. They are perfectly lovely.

Shopping is a perfect torment to me. The saleswomen and men are so disagreeable on hot days."

"I don't know that I exactly care for shopping," said Dobley; "but when it comes to a belt hunt, give me the scent and I'm game." N. Y. Sun.

Picture Frames

It has been said that a frame makes or mars a picture. While this is putting the matter strongly, it is undoubtedly true that upon the frame much of the success or failure of a picture depends. There was a time, and it is within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, when oil paintings were invariably framed in gold, and water-colors in white. Pictures were chosen to fill certain spaces regardless of subject or setting. We have advanced rapidly since those days, and among the many signs of our enlightenment is a careful regard for detail.

The picture is not only suitably framed, but it is suitably placed. There is a fitness between the subject and the room where it is hung. Certain subjects have a special interest when hung in a library; others are more interesting in a hall or living-room. Bedroom pictures should be as scarce as snakes in Ireland, but many bedrooms are filled with the cast-off pictures of the lower regions—fruit pictures that have been banished from the dining-room; pale water-colors that graced the sitting-room; crayon portraits that once hung over the parlor mantel. Some of these find their way to the

guest-room, where the victim-visitor is regaled with the outgrown artistic taste of the family.

If these discarded pictures are kept, they should be stored in the attic, or lacking an attic, they should be consigned to the cellar. The simplest thing is to give them away. But this raises an ethical question. Should we give away what we know to be bad. There are arguments on both sides of the question. One is to give away nothing that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful. Another is the belief that as the taste of the recipient develops, the articles will again be passed on, and thus be productive of good. A consuming bonfire is another argument as conclusive as any other.

A volume might be written on the framing of pictures, a few chapters being devoted to what one should avoid. There are no set rules, but there are a few general principles that it is well to keep in mind. The woodwork and general tone of a room are important considerations, both in the choice of the picture and the frame. A white frame in a room finished in black oak is a blunder, a dark frame in a white room is another. People who carry the matter to a very fine point, frame their pictures to accord with the woodwork both in color and design. The moldings of the room are repeated in the frames. This regard for detail may be carried to an extreme, and a room made to look too cut and dried, "too deadly premeditated," as some one has said. This, however, is not a common fault. Most rooms are not premeditated enough. The furnishings are hap-hazard, and when it comes to pictures there are many transgressions. One great fault lies in the fact that walls are often covered with pictures because the home-maker feels that they must hang somewhere. This delusion suggests the passing-on plan, or the bonfire. *The House Beautiful.*

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Jack and the Beanstalk

(Continued from page 8)

net's brain had been greatly excited. He had perhaps wished to brace himself up for the interview with young Lefevre by an extra potation. Alas! Noah Ferrier himself could not have been more completely fuddled and overcome in the bar of "The Green Ladders" than was the poor Baronet in his own ancestral hall. The Baronet gave a strange sort of chuckling laugh, which frightened poor Lina. Hans came forward, and would have taken the heavy box from her, but she refused his help, and laid it down herself on the table before her father; and as she did so she saw to her terror that she had left the keys in the lock. But Sir George noticed nothing; and indeed his strange look and voice made Lina forget all else in her bewilderment. Poor Lady Gorges might have been less frightened.

"Come here," he said; "is this right-box-number-five-quiteright?"

He ran his words oddly one into the other; but at the same time, with the greatest of politeness and elaboration, he began to explain to Hans that he kept all his important papers in different boxes, always different.

"Don't put your eggs" (Sir George called them eggsh) "into the same basket," said he. "This is my deed-box"—he went on, chuckling and patting it with one hand—"my hen with the golden eggs, hey Lina? * * * * That bit of gorse shall pay for your wedding-dress, my dear;" and again he chuckled and, then suddenly nodded off to sleep.

It was one of the most cruel scenes in Lina's life. She looked up at Hans with a wild, imploring look. How sorry he seemed for her!—there was comfort in his compassionate face.

"Your father has been overcome by the heat," said the young man in a low voice. "It will pass off; you need not be frightened. I will come again another day."

Sir George, who had nodded off, suddenly woke up with a start, and heard the last words.

"Another day!" said he. * * * * "No time like the present. Come here, you—. It is my wish," he added, with great solemnity; and with an effort he sat bolt upright and opened the box with the keys that Lina had left in the keyhole. Then Sir George drew out a map of his estate, which he laid solemnly on the table before him and pushed towards Lefevre.

"There," said he, "there is the man, and you will see the common belongs to the marsh-lands, and the marsh-lands belong to me."

Hans colored up. "There may be some doubt about that, sir," he said; "and I do not believe that the owner of the marsh-lands has any right to enclose the common."

Sir George got very vehement. "I am the owner of marsh-lands!" he said. "Who says I'm not? Don't you believe me?—it! Yes, here is the lease;" and the wretched old man pulled out the fatal document which was lying at the top of the box, and flung it down on the table. As he did so he looked triumphantly from one to the other. Then some doubt seemed to occur to him, and he would have pulled it back again. "This is mine; give it back to me," he shouted; but Hans had taken up the paper, and he looked first at Miss Gorges and then at the sleeping man. "This is mine, not your father's," he said in a low voice, as he turned it over.

"Then take it and go," cried Miss Gorges, passionately. "What are you waiting for? Go I tell you," she cried in a sort of agony of shame, clasping her hands. "Don't you see he has given it you? What are you waiting for?"

Sir George seemed awakening again. "He meant you to have it," she said; "I know he did. I entreat of you not to wait."

Her voice was like a sobbing echo from some long distance off.

XII

IN WHICH LINA GOES TO HAN'S COTTAGE

Hans walked away with many things in his mind; he was trying to think it

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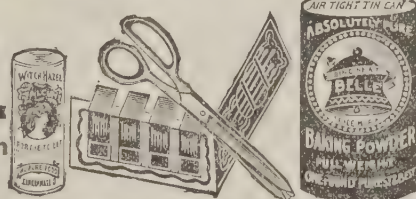


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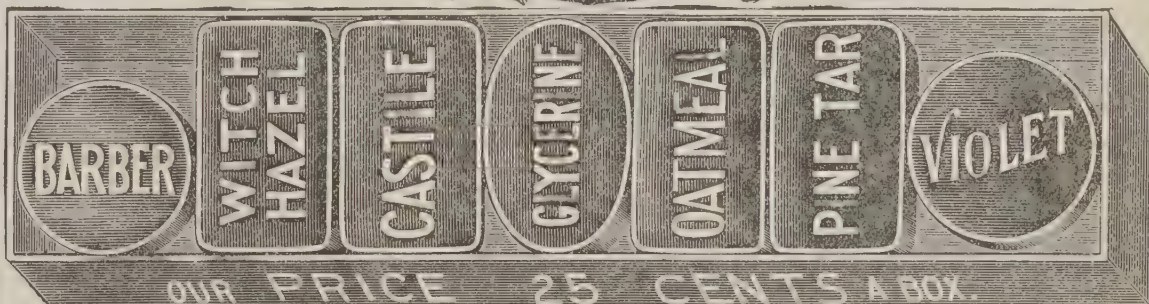
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all over before encountering his mother's loving vehemence and cross-questioning. For Lina's sake he determined to shield the tipsy old man, and to say that the lease had been willingly delivered up, although Hans was too shrewd not to suspect the real truth of the matter. Did Lina suspect? He hoped not. Poor young lady, how sweet, how pathetic was her story! what a sad life! how beautiful she looked, as she flung down the roll before him, pale and tremulously vibrating, all her soft drift of hair pushed back. He should never forget her innocent sad look; he could see her still, the little bit of old yellow lace at her throat, and the gleam of her diamond locket, and the wild soft flash of her eyes. It was a sudden burst of sad music to him in the silence of his life; some instants suddenly reveal all that has gone before, seem to tell of all that is to come, to realize a meaning into existence itself, into all dull and inanimate things, all monotonous thoughts, and the sun rises with heavenly alchemy. As Hans left the room Lina looked at him for one instant, and the golden horizon of wonder-world had gleamed for them both.

He found the cottage deserted and blazing with lonely sunshine. Hans ran upstairs and down-stairs in search of his mother, who had gone down to the village. Hans was preparing to go in search of her, when Tom Parker rode up to the door in hot haste, stopping his horse with a heave and extending his legs widely apart.

"Take care, Tom! what are you pulling at that bridle for?" said Hans, coming out with a radiant face. "I say, it is all right about the common, old Gorges is prepared to give in."

Tom gave a scornful laugh. "Give in!—not he. Are you going to be taken in by such chaff as that? I was coming for you, Hans. Butcher wants to see you at once. Haven't you heard what is up now? Do you know that the Ogre has got out a warrant against Bridges—charge of brawling, obstructing the public way? You must come along and see to it, Hans, my boy," cried the vulgar Tom on his high-shouldered red mare. "We must have a slasher next Saturday. And wait till the next election, when the young Ogre comes forward again. But come along—there is no time to lose."

"You don't mean to say that he has actually dared to summon Mr. Bridges?" cried Hans very much excited. "I'll be with you directly."

And so it happened that his mother came home, depressed and tired, to find an empty house, no hint of good in store, no news of Hans. She sat down wearily in a vague and remorseful state of mind. Hans had not come in; was he hurt with her? Had she said anything to pain him? He had not answered her the night before when she had complained of Mrs. Plaskett; perhaps he had thought her cold when she said goodbye. If only she could understand him better and suffice to him; but somehow, dearly as they loved each other, they seemed a long, long way off: the more she loved him, the more confidence she longed for and the further he seemed away.

Mrs. Lefevre started up at last, lit a light, and began to sew a little; but her head ached, and she threw down her work and blew out her candle.

She had been sitting for some time in the dark, when some one knocked at the door. "Is that you, dearest Hans?" she said with a sigh; there was no answer. The door opened a little farther, and some one came in. The room was so dark, that although the white figure was standing in the doorway, Emelyn did not recognize it. All the dazzling purple twilight was dancing outside, and a faint fresh incense from the evening fields came in with the slim white drift of drapery. "Who is it? what is it?" said Mrs. Lefevre, starting up.

"I am Lina Gorges. Miss Gorges from Stoneybrook. I want to speak to Mrs. Lefevre, or—her son," the voice failed then rallied, with that curious trembling chord that belonged to it.

"Miss Gorges!" said Mrs. Lefevre, surprised, and coming forward. "Please wait one minute. I will get you a light."

"No, no; please don't get a light," said Lina: "I have only come for a min-

ute. They are waiting for me at the Rectory. I have something to say."

Mrs. Lefevre was greatly surprised. At another time she might have received Miss Gorges more coldly, but in the darkness of the twilight and the suddenness of the meeting she was surprised into her natural kindly tone, and being an unconventional woman herself, she could understand other people doing things out of the common, and even forgive them for it. So she walked up to her visitor and took her by the hand, saying, "As you like, my dear; here is a seat in the window, and if you care to speak to me, I am ready to hear you." And Lina knew, when she heard her speak, how it was that Hans had learnt the ways of a man of her own class of life, and, as she recognized some of the tones, she felt an unconscious sympathy for his mother. Only she sat silent, and realizing how dreadful it was to speak. Was there some strange difference between Hans and all the rest of the world, that it seemed to her as if he were the only person who would believe and understand her story?

After Hans left, the time seemed unending until her father awoke, and then the storm was so terrible that poor Lady Gorges had secretly sent Lina to her brother's house to entreat him to come up. The Baronet was raving that he had been robbed, he had been cheated, and poor Lina's fiction that he had returned the papers consciously was exposed to every-

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The Good Old Summer Time

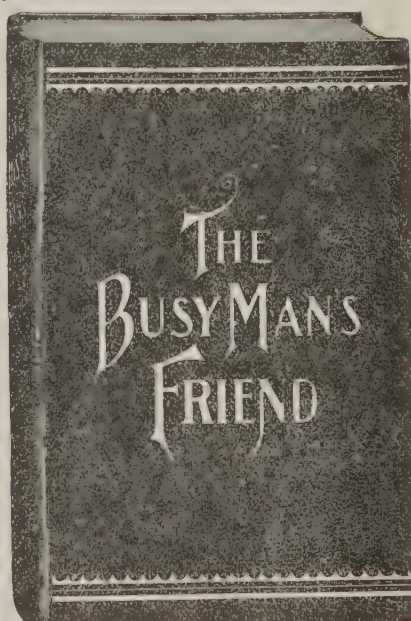
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servant in the house. She saw Corkson open eared, open-eyed; Plaskett tripping consciously about. She knew that every word was caught up and commented on; the shame seemed almost more than she could bear. If only Hans could know the truth—he would believe her and help her to believe her own story. She sobbed it out to Lady Stella, who was very kind and sympathizing, and who brought her baby to cheer her, and a Dresden cup full of tea. "I wouldn't go to speak to Mr. Lefevre till you have seen Harold again," Lady Stella said, brightly; but all the time Lina felt that Hans was the only one person to whom she wanted to turn for help. Stella could not know what she was suffering when baby upset the Dresden teacup: she could smile and playfully shake her finger at the little thing, just as if Lina's heart was not beating with shame. Stella did not love her poor papa as she did. "Oh, my poor papa," Lina would repeat to herself, again and again. She felt faint; she could not bear the atmosphere of the room, and ran out into the garden, through the window, and breathed more freely. All the lights were low beyond the nut-woods, and she saw the purple dimness of the peaceful night spreading over each gorsy hollow; then a star's light silvered into the glow, then a candle shone from the farm-house window, and it seemed to call her somehow across the dusky fields, and then Lina with a sudden determination, had opened the wicket-gate and passed out, crossing the common, and disappearing herself into the twilight gloom. And so it happened that she was sitting silent in the dark cottage room.

Mrs. Lefevre was waiting, but all words seemed to fail. Lina felt the touch of her hand still in hers. The room was quite dark; a faint streak of moonlight was now coming in through the lattice.

"I thought I could have spoken," said the girl at last. "I can't—the words won't come—I am very sorry. I will go back to the Rectory."

Mrs. Lefevre's hand began to tremble a little. "My dear," she said, nervously keeping the girl back, "is anything wrong? Does it concern my son? You must tell me, indeed you must; it would be too cruel to leave me in suspense. Has he got into trouble—has he?" Mrs. Lefevre spoke shrilly.

"No," said Lina gravely, almost scornfully. What should make you doubt him? We are in trouble," said the girl. "You need not be unhappy, Mrs. Lefevre. It is we who have done you a wrong. I understood it all by chance."

If Emelyn could have seen her face, she would have understood it all still better than poor Lina, but she was utterly bewildered.

"I have not seen Hans since the morning," she said. "I know nothing." Then with a sudden flash—"Miss Gorges! A wrong? Is it possible that the lease —" Emelyn Lefevre had curious and rapid inspirations at times—"Did you find it," she cried. "God bless you. Oh! my boy—my boy."

"Yes; I found it," said Lina, in a low, shame-stricken voice; "it had been hidden for years. You will believe me, won't you? You will tell him to believe me?" she said. "That is why I came; I wanted him to know that I found it by a chance—"

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Lefevre. "Yes, my dear, he will believe you. Do not be afraid," said Mrs. Lefevre, and once more she took Lina's passive, cold hand and with some sudden impulse bent forward and kissed her.

Then Lina got up to go away; and as she crossed the garden she saw Hans coming in at the gate.

CONTINUED IN SEPTEMBER.

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Why we do this. We make this liberal offer so that the name and fame of our great Illustrated Popular Monthly Family Magazine will be known in every home in the country. **Try and Win.** If you make the four correct flowers and send the solutions at once, who knows but what you will get a big prize for your effort? Anyway, we do not want you to send any money with your letter and a contest like this is very interesting to those who participate. This is not an easy contest. It is a test of merit and skill. **Brains will win.**

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A Tangled Web

(Continued from page 6)

Miss Matthews was so eager to obey the Rector's summons, that she arrived at Ashton next day, very soon after Mr. Beaufort and Nuna had departed. She did not seem disappointed at finding the house empty; on the contrary, she told cook that she considered it very desirable she should be there to receive Miss Nuna on her return.

Cook felt reticent; but there was something so collected and self-possessed about her master's cousin, that the old servant was powerless to resist the mandates issued from time to time, as Miss Matthews set vigorously to work to tidy up the house.

The change she effected was wonderful. The study was cleared of all superfluous litter, the books were taken down and dusted, and the shelves given up to Jane to be thoroughly cleansed; stray volumes lying about in heaps, taken down for reference from time to time, and left just where they had been used, were carefully replaced in the sets to which they belonged; manuscript of all kinds was carefully collected and tied in bundles, for Miss Matthews did not exercise the delightful right of private judgment in the way of destruction assumed by some female tidiers, although, perhaps, she had a great contempt for "useless scribble."

The room looked much larger, much lighter too, by the time she had finished her labors. There was an exasperating primness about it; the table was cleared of all but the inkstand, and every chair stood back against the wall. In Nuna's bedroom Miss Matthews was less merciful; everything that "harbored" dust was odious in her sight, and long-treasured bird's nests and trophies of bulrushes and grass blossoms, and other remembrances which Nuna loved to bring from her favorite haunts, were unsparingly condemned. Miss Matthews would have liked to fling some of the dirty old casts away, and to burn many of the drawings too, simply because they "harbored" dust, but Jane's look of surprise, and her indignant "Why, Miss Nuna did all them herself," restrained Miss Matthews for the present. Elizabeth abhorred the word art and its accessories; it was useless, and it always brought litter of some kind, and litter was her bete noire.

Paul heard of her arrival, and he met her once in the village. He was puzzled at Nuna's dislike to her cousin. He took the reading of Miss Matthews which her face offered him. He thought she seemed a quiet, ordinary sort of woman, rather sweet-looking than otherwise. He wished she had spoken to him. Ashton was so intensely dull in this leafless season, and he was determined not to go near Gray's Farm again.

His fancy for Nuna was growing faster in this separation than it would have grown if she and her father had stayed at the Rectory; and when the evening came at last on which they were expected to return, Paul found himself almost without his will on the road to the station, impatient to catch the first glimpse of her loving eyes.

CHAPTER XXIII

NUNA'S LOVE

Nuna had always looked forward with dread to the visit at Lord Lorton's. Till now Mary had been the favorite with her grandfather, and Nuna had been left at home when her father and sister went to Beanlands; but this year there had been no escape, and she had shrunk from the dreary prospect of two days of solemn, ceremonious dullness.

And yet she was so glad to escape from Ashton—so afraid of trusting herself again with Paul—that it was at last a relief when she found herself safe on her way.

She was not sure how much was real, how much the work of her own imagination, in that last interview. In a new scene she hoped to be able to take a calmer, more dispassionate view of her own feelings—as if calm was likely to come again in her contemplation of Paul. Nuna knew that she loved, but she had no power of estimating the strength and depth of the passion which Paul had set free from its hiding-place;

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she only knew it in the shrinking with which she dreaded another meeting, a dread that grew to terror when she felt how she longed for his presence. She could not believe in Paul's love; it was only a sudden interest, she thought, aroused by the love she had herself betrayed by her impulsive, unguarded confidence in him.

"It is not love at all,"—this was how the poor girl tortured herself on the first night of her visit to Beanlands,—"only pity for my desolate state. And then he may go on and mistake pity for love; no, he shall not do this when I go back to Ashton; I will die before I see him alone again. If he were to ask me that question again, my face would tell the truth, even if I kept silence."

And what would be the end? Her answer did not come as Paul's answer had come to the self-same question. Nuna had no hope of becoming Mr. Whitmore's wife; but it seemed more than ever impossible to get through life all alone, now that she had tasted even for an instant the exquisite bliss of believing that he loved her; it would have been better never to have seen him.

"No," said Nuna fervently, "life has only been life to me since I saw him; and if he changes when I go back to Ashton—if I find that he has repented his sudden words and gone away forever—there will always be the memory of his presence at the Rectory. I can always picture him there, and that will keep my life from being lonely."

They were in the fly now; in another half-hour they would be home again. Through the morning she had felt as if she could not wait for the time of starting; she must see Paul, and it was possible he might leave Ashton before they reached it. But now she had changed again; every minute was lessening the distance between them, and the dread that had so tormented her, the dread of seeming to claim his love against his will, came back to Nuna, and made her sicken with fear of seeing him.

Her father leaned forward when they came to a turn in the road, and waved his hand. Nuna looked. There was Paul, and at the sight of him, of the joy that shone out in his face, Nuna's heart gave a wild leap, and then she sank back in the carriage. Rest had come at last.

"At last!" she said, when the fly stopped at the Rectory gate. If Nuna had been less absorbed, the shock would have come less suddenly, but it was terrible; there stood Elizabeth smiling a sweet welcome to them both, as if they were visitors, and she herself the mistress of the parsonage. Nuna felt stunned, she submitted passively to her cousin's kiss, and went on silently into the house.

Nuna was hurrying to the staircase, but an exclamation from her father stopped her. She paused, and looked into the study.

The Rector was standing before the fire with both Elizabeth's hands in his.

"I don't know how to thank you," he said, warmly; "the room has not looked so home-like since I lost Mary."

Nuna had heard enough; she glided away, and when she reached her bedroom the changes there passed without notice. Storm had risen in her sorrowful soul—storm which threatened to wreck all the peace she had left. She shut the door, locked it, and then stood leaning against it; she had no power to move in that moment of passionate anger—anger in which she felt capable of leaving her father and her home forever, a father who was so cruelly unnatural as to prefer a stranger to his own child. But the fierce swelling tempest burst into a shower of tears, great scalding drops, and the slender frame shook like a lily in a summer rain.

Instead of the rest she had hoped for, here was the beginning of daily vexation. She had no thought of coping with it; she only writhed at the prospect before her. What had been her troubles heretofore compared to this? To see the only creature she hated set in the place of her dead sister. Even to herself she could not frame the further evil she dreaded. Filial reverence had not quite left her, and it would have seemed an insult to her father to fancy even that he could think of Elizabeth except as a cousin.

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Her eyes travelled mechanically round the room, and recognized the changes effected during her absence; but these did not awaken fresh anger; Nuna's mind had no pettiness in it.

"She shall not have power to vex me," she murmured. It was sad to hear how bitterly she spoke, and to see the scorn that curved the delicate lips.

"She is too contemptible to quarrel with." She stopped; her eyes had lighted on something that aroused a fresh train of thought. A small table that she had left littered with painting materials had been cleared, its encumbrances lay in neat precision on a shelf above, and on the table, in a pretty terra-cotta flower-pot, was a club-moss, the plant, Nuna's instinct told her, that Will had promised her. Will and his love, and herself as mistress of Gray's Farm, fitted like a vision across Nuna's thoughts; and with this came the feeling of refuge from Elizabeth; scarcely for an instant, and then she had almost flung the poor club-moss out of the window, so intense was the disgust that succeeded.

She sank down into a chair, wearier than ever, so lonely, with such an ache at her heart, that even her tears flowed no longer from the dull weight there. Gradually there came to her timidity, as if it feared to mingle with the strife that had been raging in her breast, the memory of Paul's look of love.

"He loves me; yes he loves me. Oh, if he leaves me, I must die!"

And as imagination, always with Nuna so much harder at work than needful, conjured up the picture of her life alone, without the love she craved, the heart-ache culminated in a deep shuddering sob, then another, and tears came at last; no longer the proud scalding drops which had only stimulated her resentment, but softening, tender tears.

Nuna's brow was smooth, and she could look cheerful when she at last went downstairs.

Several letters lay on the tea-table, one of them in an unknown handwriting. Nuna opened this first, and then smiled at the result of her curiosity.

"I thought I had a new correspondent," she said, "and it is only a circular to say that Miss Coppock has retired from business, and that some one from Weybridge solicits the continuation of my distinguished patronage. I wonder Miss Coppock did not tell me she was going away."

CONTINUED IN SEPTEMBER

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- 1—Eat only in response to an actual appetite, which will be satisfied with plain bread and butter.
- 2—Chew all solid food until it is liquid and practically swallows itself.
- 3—Sip and taste all liquids that have taste, such as soup and lemonade. Water has no taste and can be swallowed immediately.
- 4—Never take food while angry or worried, and only when calm. Waiting for the mood in connection with the appetite is a speedy cure for both anger and worry.
- 5—Remember and practice these four rules and your teeth and health will be fine. Equally significant of the growth of Fletcherism are the efforts made by the proprietor of a chain of fifty dairy restaurants in New York and elsewhere. It consists of the distribution of a nicely printed folder among the customers, containing a dietetic code. It includes instructions on How to Eat. Some of them are, Eat slowly and masticate thoroughly; never permit yourself to eat a meal in a condition of nervous worry; eat what you find of benefit; do not eat anything that disagrees with you. Commenting on the last rule the folder says: The following out of this rule will require self-denial, but some time in your life you must definitely decide whether you are to be master over your body or be its slave, and it is better to make the decision at once, and after you have practiced correct habits of eating for a short time it will be surprising how soon your true appetite for things that are wholesome and good will assert itself.

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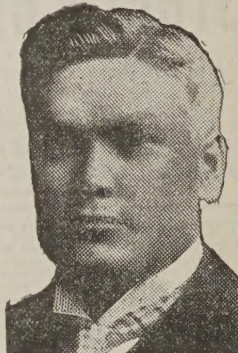
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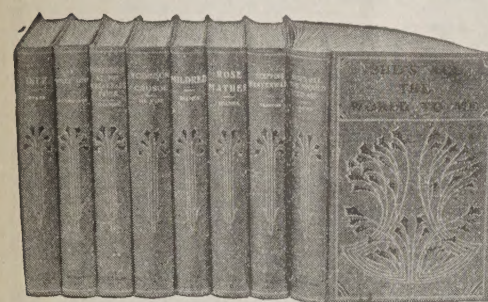
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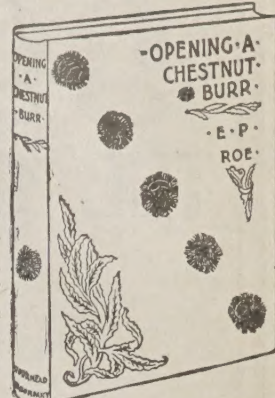
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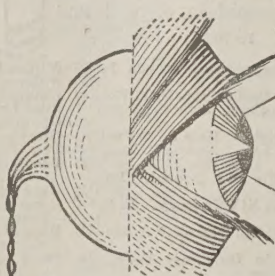
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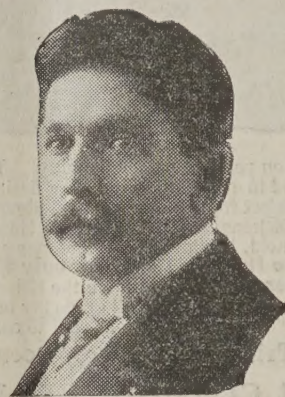
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Eye strain is the direct cause of most eye diseases.

It produces an irritation and congestion of the delicate nerves and muscles of the eye, and poor circulation of blood is the result.

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In this way any kind of eye disease may be produced. It may be Cataract, it may be Optic Nerve trouble, Glaucoma, Ulcers, Granulated Lids, or any other eye disease. Any of these diseases if neglected may result in blindness.

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Here are some of the symptoms: Headaches, Blurring of Vision, having to rest the eyes frequently, having to rub them, itching of the lids, or a red swollen condition of the lids at times, watering of eyes, having styes, pain in or around the eyes, seeing things double, drowsy feeling, seeing things better some days than others, etc.

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This book tells you many of the interesting and vital facts about Eye Diseases which I have learned to know and proven true by tests and actual experience during my twenty-six years of the most wide and successful practice as an eye specialist.

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